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[AUGUST.]

# THE ECLECTIC:

A

Monthly Review and Miscellany.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE OXFORD SCHOOL. No. II. ... ..	110
TRI-CENTENARY OF THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION ... ..	127
HUMBOLDT'S LETTERS ... ..	139
CORRELATION OF MIND AND BODY ... ..	152
LETTERS AND LETTER WRITERS ... ..	166
MODERN BIBLE PICTURES ... ..	180
GENERAL HAVELOCK... ..	192
A BRACE OF FRENCH PAMPHLETS ... ..	202

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

**Below the Surface.** By Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, Bart. New Edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.  
**Calamity Sanctified in the Martyrs of Tierra Del Fuego.** A Sermon by the Rev. Charles Stovel. London: Houlston and Co.  
**Collected Works by Dugald Stewart.** Supplementary Volume. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co.  
**Denominational Reason Why.** London: Houlston and Wright.  
**Divine Service.** By Robert Roger Templeton. London: Macmillan and Co.  
**Ecclesiastical Commission: Its Income and Expenditure.** By Herbert S. Skeats.  
**Enoch.** A Poem. In Three Books. By Robert Stafford, M.A. London: Longman and Co.  
**Essays, Critical and Theological.** By the Rev. Henry Constable, A.M. London: Longman and Co.  
**Every Day Religion.** By Fred. Edwards, B.A. London: Simpkin and Co.  
**Handbook of the Constitution.** By Alfred C. Hensman, B.A. London: Longman and Co.  
**Herbert Chauncey.** By Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, Bart. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.  
**History of France.** By Eyre Evans Crowe. Vol. 2. London: Longman & Co.  
**Imputed Righteousness.** By Edward Steane, D.D. London: Jackson and Walford.  
**Labour Question in the West Indies.** Three Letters from Ernest Noel, Esq. Birmingham: Ladies' Negro's Friend Society.  
**Ladies' Negro's Friend Society.** 35th Report. Birmingham: Ladies' Negro's Friend Society.  
**Leaders of the Reformation.** By John Tulloch, D.D. Second Edition. London: William Blackwood and Sons.  
**Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic.** By Sir Wm. Hamilton, Bart. Vols. 3 and 4. London: William Blackwood and Sons.  
**Lectures on Prayer.** By a Country Pastor. London: John W. Parker and Son.  
**May Garland (A).** By Julia S. Blott. London: Judd and Glass.  
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**Principles and Practice of Vegetarian Cookery.** By John Smith. London: Simpkin and Co.  
**Results of a Scientific Mission to India and High Asia.** By Hermann, Adolphe, and Robert de Schlagintweit. London: Trubner and Co.  
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**True Gospel Preaching: What is it? American Reform Tract and Book Society.**  
**Wedded and Winnowed: or, the Trials of Mary Gascoigne.** By Marabel May. London: Jas. Blackwood.  
**Words and Works of our Lord.** 2 Vols. By the Author of "Brampton Rectory." London: J. W. Parker and Son.

## PERIODICALS.

**Baptist Magazine.**  
**British Quarterly Review.**  
**Cassell's Illustrated History of England.** Part VI. New Series.  
**Cornhill Magazine.**  
**Dublin University Magazine.**  
**Educator (The).**  
**Evangelical Christendom.**  
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**Life Boat.**  
**Macmillan's Magazine.**  
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**National Review.**

# THE ECLECTIC.

AUGUST, 1860.

I.

## THE OXFORD SCHOOL.—No. II.

IN our former critique on the volume entitled "Essays and Reviews," we found that the first three of the professedly independent Writers would have us believe that the human race have now reached that point of development at which it might "be left to itself, to be guided by the teaching of the spirit within;" that the man first "learns unconsciously by the result of his inner powers," and the secret but speedy accumulation of experience, then by reflection, and finally by mistakes and much contradiction, so that "from the storehouse of his youthful experience he begins to draw the principles of his life;" that though we may need an external revelation on which to rest our philosophy and our science, any communication from God to man, on what is of infinite moment to him as a moral being, with an immortal destiny before him, is a "mere fiction;" that while Nature may be relied on, the Bible may not; that though we may believe in our own intuitions, yet we must have no faith in the Inspired Writers; that while we may safely confide in our own experience, we must never depend on the testimony of others; that "most of the Christian miracles could only be evidential at the time they were wrought, and are not so at present;" that the appeal to miracles "as the sole or even the principal external attestations to the claims of a Divine Revelation, is a species of reasoning which appears to have lost ground even among the most earnest advocates of Christianity;" that "a Revelation is most credible when it appeals least to violations of natural causes;" and that "if miracles were, in the estimation of a former age, among the chief *supports* of Christianity, they are at present among the main difficulties and hindrances to its reception." All this is startling enough; but there are other points to be examined, and other





positions to be assailed, and the whole ground to be made sure on which we may calmly and triumphantly repose our faith.

The subject of the Fourth Essay in the volume, is entitled "The National Church," in the treatment of which the Writer, who is no other than Henry Bristow Wilson, B.D. Vicar of Great Staughton, Hunts, tells us that it is a mistake for those who believe in the independency of each Christian society, to say "that the Individualist principle supplies the true basis of the Church, and that by inaugurating the union between Church and State, Constantine introduced into Christianity the false and Pagan element of Multitudinism:"—on the contrary, he maintains that the Multitudinist principle, instead of being either unlawful or essentially Pagan, was "recognized and consecrated in the example of the Jewish Theocracy; that the greatest victories of Christianity have been won by it; that it showed itself under Apostolic sanction as early as the day of Pentecost, for it would be absurd to suppose the three thousand who were joined to the Church on the preaching of Peter to have been all converted persons in the modern Evangelical sense of the word;" and hence that "the Churches which claim to be founded upon Individualism fall back themselves, when they become hereditary, upon the Multitudinist principle." This principle he conceives to be involved in the very idea of Nationalism, and the only one which can give popularity to any Ecclesiastical organization. And hence, in looking back on the past history of his own Church, he feels himself justified in asserting—

"Its roots are found to penetrate deeply into the history of the most freely and fully developed nationality in the world, and its firm hold upon the past is one of its best auguries for the future. It has lived through Saxon rudeness, Norman rapine, baronial oppression and bloodshed; it has survived the tyranny of the Tudors, recovered from fanatical assaults, escaped the treachery of the Stuarts; has not perished under coldness, nor been stifled with patronage, nor sunk utterly in a dull age, nor been entirely depraved in a corrupt one. Neither as a spiritual society, nor as a national institution, need there be any fear that the Church of this country, which has passed through so many ordeals, shall succumb, because we may be on the verge of some political and ecclesiastical changes. We, ourselves, cohere with those who have preceded us, under very different forms of civil constitution, and under a very different creed and externals of worship. The 'rude forefathers,' whose mouldering bones, layer upon layer, have raised the soil round the foundations of our old churches, adored the Host, worshipped the Virgin, signed themselves with the sign of the cross, sprinkled themselves with holy water, and paid money for masses for the relief of souls in purgatory. But it is no reason, because we trust that spiritually we are at one with the best of those



who have gone before us in better things than these, that we should revert to their old-world practices; nor should we content ourselves with simply transmitting to those who shall follow us, traditions which have descended to ourselves, if we can transmit something better. There is a time for building up old waste places, and a time for raising fresh structures; a time for repairing the ancient paths, and a time for filling the valleys and lowering the hills in the constructing of new. The Jews, contemporaries of Jesus and His Apostles, were fighters against God, in refusing to accept a new application of things written in the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms; the Romans, in the time of Theodosius, were fighters against Him, when they resisted the new religion with an appeal to old customs; so were the opponents of Wycliffe and his English Bible, and the opponents of Cranmer and his Reformation. Meddle not with them that are given to change, is a warning for some times, and self-willed persons may 'bring in damnable heresies;' at others, 'old things are to pass away,' and that is erroneously 'called heresy' by the blind, which is really a worshipping the God of the fathers in a better way."

"Grave doubts are entertained by many," he tells us, "whether the secular future of humanity is necessarily bound up with the diffusion of Christianity—whether the Church is to be hereafter the life-giver to human society;" seeing it is an undeniable fact, that there is "a very wide-spread alienation both of educated and uneducated persons from the Christianity which is undeniably presented in our churches and chapels;" and seeing, moreover, that "the influence of foreign literature is altogether insufficient to account for the wide-spread of that which has been called the Negative Theology,"—which is rather owing, he thinks, to "some of the doctrines which are to be heard at church and chapel; to a distrust of the old arguments for, or proofs of a miraculous Revelation; and to a misgiving as to the authority, or extent of the authority of the Scriptures." He knows, however, that there is nothing new in this moral phase of society. So leaving this ground, and casting his eye over the superficial extent of the globe, with its yet uncounted population, he asks:—"In what relation does the Gospel stand to these millions? Is there any trace on the face of its records that it ever contemplated their existence? We are told, that to know and believe in Jesus Christ is in some sense necessary to salvation. It has not been given to these. Are they—will they be hereafter the worse off for their ignorance? We cannot be content to wrap this question up, and leave it for a mystery as to what shall become of those myriads upon myriads of non-Christian races." We ask Mr. Wilson for his solution and his answer. But after objecting to our traditional belief as to the final condition of the heathen, and after question-

ing whether the Gospel was ever designed to overtake the whole human race in its provisions, he reaches the wondrous conclusion, "that all shall be equitably dealt with according to their opportunities!" Who ever said anything to the contrary? The merest tyro in Biblical knowledge—any child in our Sunday-schools could have told him this. He adds, "that the conditions of men in another world will be determined by their moral characters in this, and not by their hereditary or traditional creeds;" as if their creed had nothing to do in shaping and determining their character. And so the difficulty respecting the souls of heathendom "will disappear, if it be candidly acknowledged that the words of the New Testament, which speak of the preaching of the Gospel to the whole world, were limited to the understanding of the times when they were spoken; that doctrines concerning salvation to be met with in it, are for the most part applicable only to those to whom the preaching of Christ should come; and that we must draw our conclusions respecting a just dealing hereafter with the individuals who make up the sum of heathenism, rather from reflections suggested by our own moral instincts, than from the express declarations of Scripture Writers, who had no such knowledge as is given to ourselves of the amplitude of the world which is the scene of the Divine manifestations."

In combating the position of the Individualist, that almost all the corruptions of Christianity are attributed to the unholy alliance between Church and State, he appeals to the internal state of the various Christian communities anterior to the time of Constantine, and even to the Apostolic Epistles themselves, to show that neither in doctrine nor in morals did these primitive societies at all approach to the ideal which has been formed of them; that "the moral defects of the earliest converts are the subject of the gravest expostulation on the part of the apostolic writers, and the doctrinal features of the early Church are much more undetermined than would be thought by those who read them only through the ecclesiastical creeds;" that "the doctrine of justification by subjective faith, never was the doctrine of any considerable portion of the Church till the time of the Reformation;" that "it is not met with in the immediately post-apostolic writings, nor in the apostolic writings, except those of St. Paul;" that "with our Lord and His apostles, as represented to us in the New Testament, morals came before contemplation, ethics before theoretics;" that "there were among the Christian converts in that earliest period those who had no belief in a corporeal resurrection;" that "our Lord, although he expressly taught a resurrection, and argued with the Sadducees on this subject, never treated them as aliens from Israel because they did not hold that doctrine;" that though St. Paul "always

represents faith in the resurrection as the corner-stone of the Christian belief," and though he argues elaborately with those who still retained this Sadducee or Gentile prejudice, he yet never says one word about "expelling them from the Church;" that while one class was "defective in the Christian doctrine, and in the most fundamental article of the Apostle's preaching," another class was equally defective "in the Christian moral life;" that the Christian life is at least of equal value with the Christian doctrine; that there were retained within the Church "both those who were erroneous and defective in doctrine, and those who were by their lives unworthy of their profession;" that "they who caused divisions and heresies were to be marked and avoided, but not expelled;" that "it would be difficult to devise a description of a Multitudinist Church, exhibiting more saliently the worst defects which can attend that form, than this which is taken from the evidence of the Apostolic Epistles;" that "any judicial sentence of excommunication was extremely rare in the Apostolic age;" that "the distinction between the worthy and the unworthy members of the Church was marked, not by any public and authoritative act, but by the operation of private conduct and opinion;" that "the Apostolic Churches were thus Multitudinist, and early tended to become National;" that "it is merely a Calvinistic and Congregational commonplace to speak of the unholy alliance of Church and State accomplished by Constantine;" that "together with his inauguration of Multitudinism," Constantine unhappily also "inaugurated a principle essentially at variance with it—the principle of doctrinal limitation;" that "the members of a Calvinistic Church can never consider themselves but as parted by an insuperable distinction [arising out of their creed] from all other professors of the Gospel;" that "the exclusiveness of a Calvinistic Church, whether free from the creeds or not, is inherent in its principles;" that "there is no insuperable barrier between Congregationalists, not being Calvinists, and a Multitudinist Church which should liberate itself sufficiently from the traditional symbols;" that "doctrinal limitations, in the Multitudinist form of the Church, are not essential to it," nor is "a Multitudinist Church necessarily or essentially hierarchical, in any extreme or superstitious sense;" that "it can well admit, if not pure Congregationalism, a large admixture of the Congregational spirit;" that "a combination of the two principles will alone keep any Church in health and vigour;" that "too great importance attached to a hierarchical order will lead into superstitions respecting Apostolic succession, ministerial illumination, supernatural sacramental influence; while mere Congregationalism tends to keep ministers and people at a dead spiritual level."



Now, what is the design of the Writer in all this? Is it any other than to set aside the Bible as a standard of truth—to repudiate all traditional beliefs—to make doctrinal errors a matter of the merest indifference—to look upon a sound creed as compatible with bad living; or good living as not inconsistent with a heterodox belief—to sever moral character from moral convictions and opinions—to make a nation, notwithstanding all the varieties of theological belief which obtain among its people, and all the contradictions and contrarieties which exist in their moral characters, one and the same thing with the Church, or to make the Church inclusive of every possible element which is to be found in the creed and the life of the people?—to give it forth with all the weight and force of a conclusion, that “a doctrinal Church need not, historically speaking, be Christian; nor, if it be Christian, need it be tied down to particular forms which have been prevalent at certain times in Christendom;” that “many evils have flowed to the people of England from an extreme and too exclusive Scripturalism,” there being “something very agreeable to some of the feelings of the Englishman in the persuasion that he possesses, independently of priest or clergyman, the whole matter of his religion bound up in the four corners of a portable book;” but “the true Christian life is the consciousness of bearing a part in a great moral order, of which the highest agency upon earth has been committed to the Church.” That is, to sum up the thoughts and opinions of this Writer in one single sentence:—Individualism necessarily tends to Multitudinism; to this Multitudinism are to be ascribed all the past triumphs of Christianity; that this same Multitudinism incorporates itself into a national Church; that the Church is co-extensive with the country in which Christianity is established, and is inclusive of its entire population; that connection with the Church as the highest agency on earth, is the true Christian life; that this inward spiritual life has little, if anything, to do with an outward objective Revelation; and that, when such a Revelation exists, it is not necessarily to be received as a supernatural and inspired testimony!

And this from a Bachelor of Divinity, and a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England! No wonder if, when the Christian ground is cut from beneath their feet, the people should fall back upon Tractarian forms, or into the arms of the Romish Communion. Being denied the reality, it is no marvel if they grasp at a shadow. Rather than be without a creed, they will embrace the greatest error. If they are driven from the temple of Truth, they will soon be seen bending at the shrine of Falsehood; and if forbidden immediate access to the presence of God,

they will give themselves up to the idolatry of Reason, which, though more refined and spiritual than the idolatries of the heathen, will yet be found equally lifeless and fruitless.

Our reference to the Fifth Essay on the MOSAIC COSMOGONY need not be long. The Writer\* professes to examine the respective theories of Chalmers, Buckland, and Hugh Millar, and their united, though somewhat differing attempts to harmonise the Mosaic account of the creation with the facts and discoveries of modern science. We are not in a position to congratulate him on his success. For minute analysis and triumphant refutation, we have a good deal of unguarded assertion; and while he charges those whose theories he assails, with "evading the plain meaning of language, and with introducing obscurity into one of the simplest stories ever told, for the sake of making it accord with the complex system of the universe which modern science has unfolded," yet he himself would have us believe that "if the value of the Bible as a book of religious instruction is to be maintained, it must be, not by striving to prove it scientifically exact, at the expense of every sound principle of interpretation, and in defiance of common-sense, but by the frank recognition of the erroneous views of Nature which it contains!" Take his own words:—

"It is refreshing to return to the often-echoed remark, that it could not have been the object of a Divine Revelation to instruct mankind in physical science, man having had faculties bestowed upon him to enable him to acquire this knowledge by himself. This is in fact pretty generally admitted; but in the application of the doctrine, writers play at fast and loose with it, according to circumstances. Thus an Inspired Writer may be permitted to allude to the phenomena of Nature, according to the vulgar view of such things, without impeachment of his better knowledge; but if he speaks of the same phenomena assertively, we are bound to suppose that things are as he represents them, however much our knowledge of Nature may be disposed to recalcitrate. But if we find a difficulty in admitting that such misrepresentations can find a place in Revelation, the difficulty lies in our having previously assumed what a Divine Revelation ought to be. If God made use of imperfectly informed men to lay the foundations of that higher knowledge for which the human race was destined, is it wonderful that they should have committed themselves to assertions not in accordance with facts, although they may have believed them to be true? On what grounds has the popular notion of Divine Revelation been built up? Is it not plain that the plan of Providence for the education of man is a progressive one, and as imperfect men have been used as the agents for teaching

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\* C. W. Goodwin, M.A.

mankind, is it not to be expected that their teachings should be partial, and to some extent erroneous? Admitted, as it is, that physical science is not what the Hebrew Writers, for the most part, profess to convey; at any rate, that it is not on account of the communication of such knowledge that we attach any value to their writings, why should we hesitate to recognise their fallibility on this head?"

While Buckland and others contend that in the Mosaic narrative we have simply "a case of leaving out facts which did not particularly concern the writer's purpose, so that he gave an account true so far as it went, though imperfect," Mr. Goodwin maintains the real difficulty to be, not that circumstantial details are omitted, which might reasonably be expected, but "that what is told, is told so as to convey to ordinary apprehensions an impression at variance with facts." He says:—

"It has been popularly assumed that the Bible, bearing the stamp of Divine authority, must be complete, perfect, and unimpeachable in all its parts, and a thousand difficulties and incoherent doctrines have sprung out of this theory. Men have proceeded in the matter of Theology, as they did with physical science before inductive philosophy sent them to the feet of Nature, and bid them learn, in patience and obedience, the lessons which she had to teach. Dogma and groundless assumption occupy the place of modest inquiry after truth, while at the same time the upholders of these theories claim credit for humility and submissiveness. This is exactly inverting the fact:—the humble scholar of truth is not he who, taking his stand upon the traditions of Rabbins, Christian Fathers, or Schoolmen, insists upon bending facts to his unyielding standard; but he who is willing to accept such teaching as it has pleased Divine Providence to afford, without murmuring that it has not been furnished more copiously or clearly."

And this in the face of the assertion, that Moses knew he had no authority for what he has so solemnly and unhesitatingly asserted! He, good man, was wholly ignorant of "our modern habits of thought," and of that "modesty of assertion which the spirit of true science has taught us!"

"The early speculator was harassed by no such scruples, and asserted as facts what he knew in reality only as probabilities; but we are not on that account to doubt his perfect good faith, nor need we attribute to him wilful misrepresentation, or consciousness of asserting that which he knew not to be true. He had seized one great truth, in which, indeed, he anticipated the highest revelation of modern inquiry; namely, the unity of the design of the world, and its subordination to one sole Maker and Lawgiver. With regard to details, observation failed him. He knew little of the earth's

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surface, or of its shape and place in the universe; the infinite varieties of organised existences which people it; the distinct floras and faunas of its different continents were unknown to him. But he saw that all which lay within his observation had been formed for the benefit and service of man, and the goodness of the Creator to his creatures was the thought predominant in his mind. Man's closer relation to his Maker is indicated by the representation that he was formed last of all creatures, and in the visible likeness of God. For ages, this simple view of creation satisfied the wants of man, and formed a sufficient basis of Theological teaching; and if modern research now shows it to be physically untenable, our respect for the narrative which has played so important a part in the culture of our race need to be nowise diminished. No one contends that it can be used as a basis of astronomical or geological teaching, and those who profess to see in it an accordance with facts, only do this *sub modo*, and by processes which despoil it of its consistency and grandeur, both which may be preserved if we recognise in it, not an authentic utterance of Divine knowledge, but a human utterance which it has pleased Providence to use in a special way for the education of mankind."

A human utterance! Yes;—but is not the Knowledge divine? If Moses did not receive his account by immediate Revelation, whence did he get it? Can we believe that it "is simply the speculation of some early Copernicus, or Newton, who devised a scheme of the earth's formation as nearly as he might in accordance with his own observations of Nature, and with such views of things as it was possible for an unassisted thinker in those days to take, who looked at everything from a different point of view from ourselves, and, consequently, represented much quite different from the fact?" Who told the Writer that this Mosaic account is the product of "an unassisted thinker?" Could any unassisted thinker ever have devised such a cosmogony? The difficulties connected with such a hypothesis are infinitely more perplexing than any which are thought to be involved in the schemes of Buckland or Millar. We do not believe that any unassisted mind could have invented such a theory of the creation as the first chapter of Genesis supplies; and to tell us that such a theory differs widely from fact, is a gratuitous assumption. The Writer is indignant with Buckland for saying, that "the question is not respecting the correctness of the Mosaic narrative, but of our interpretation of it," and thinks that such "a proposition can hardly be sufficiently reprobated." According to him, it is far more likely that Moses was wrong, than that our interpretation is at fault! Does he need to be told that even we in this age of boasted advancement, are only in the infancy of science; that new facts are every day forcing themselves into the light; and

that with the progress of discovery, all our systems of philosophy are being modified? It may be that Geology has yet to gather up her principal facts, that with these facts may come new inductions; and with these before us, we may find that Moses was in advance of the knowledge of the nineteenth century of Christian Enlightenment, and that no interpretation of his Cosmogony can ever be accepted which contradicts the facts and the readings of Nature.

On the "TENDENCIES OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN ENGLAND FROM 1688—1750," which we have as the Sixth Article in this volume, we must not, inviting as is the subject, now enter. Here are materials for a good octavo; while the Essay before us provokes both criticism and remark. Instead of limiting his views and observations to the sixty years within which his subject would fairly have kept him, the Writer carries his inquiries forward to the latest point of time, and concludes his Essay with these words:—"Whoever would take the religious literature of the present day as a whole, and endeavour to make out clearly on what basis Revelation is supposed by it to rest, whether on Authority, on the Inward Light, on Reason, on Self-evidencing Scripture, or on the combination of the four, or some of them, and in what proportions, would probably find that he had undertaken a perplexing but not altogether profitless inquiry." Granted:—but what is the inference which the Writer would draw from this fact? Does he mean to insinuate that we have no real basis on which to rest the fact of a Revelation from God? Does he propose to place "the supreme authority of the Church" above the Divine authority of the Bible? Does he mean to say that no External Evidences can authenticate the message of God to man, and this because they lack the very first requisite—universality? What does he find "so hardy and irrational in the assertion of Calvin," that Scripture "shines sufficiently by its own light?" Whatever may be "the tendencies of religious thought in England," whether past or present, and in whatever direction some minds may drift away from the great Central Truths of our Christian Faith, we believe most firmly that the Bible, as a supernatural communication to man on all that most deeply affects his interest for time and eternity, will continue to hold its place in the judgment and the affections of the people.

By a very natural and easy transition, we now pass on to the last article, on "THE INTERPRETATION OF SCRIPTURE," which is by Benjamin Jowett, M.A. Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, and which involves principles of infinite moment to the expositor and the teacher of Christian Truth. We agree with him in saying, that the very same course of interpretation which we apply to any merely human composition should be

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applied to the Sacred Writings. Words are never used in the Bible in a non-natural sense, without some clear and unmistakable evidence in the passage itself, or its immediate context, that they are so used. The grammatical construction is not different; nor is there any departure from the fixed and certain laws of speech. The meaning of words, and the connection of sentences, cannot but be the same here as in any other book. Every term has its definite sense; and in every passage the Spirit of Truth has one grand thought or idea to present through the mind of the writer or the speaker, to the mind and heart of the hearer. In some of the prophecies there is indeed a double sense, on the denial of which it is impossible to interpret the prophetic record; but in the absence of prediction, we may take it for granted that there was present to the mind of the Writer only one thought, idea, or truth, for which we ought diligently to search in harmony with the laws of language, and with which we ought to be fully and gladly satisfied. Our effort should be, not to try what we can force the Bible to say in obedience to our ingenuity, fancy, or creed, but to put ourselves in the position of the Author, and then determine the meaning which his words were intended to convey. There is much that is equally true and false in the following passage:—

“A history of the interpretation of Scripture would take us back to the beginning; it would present in one view the causes which have darkened the meaning of words in the course of ages; it would clear away the remains of dogmas, systems, controversies, which are encrusted upon them. It would show us the ‘erring fancy’ of interpreters, assuming sometimes to have the Spirit of God himself, yet unable to pass beyond the limits of their own age, and with a judgment often biased by party. Great names there have been among them,—names of men who may be reckoned also among the benefactors of the human race,—yet comparatively few who have understood the thoughts of other times, or who have bent their minds to ‘interrogate’ the meaning of words. Such a work would enable us to separate the elements of doctrine and tradition with which the meaning of Scripture is encumbered in our own day. It would mark the ~~different~~ epochs of interpretation from the time when the living word was in process of becoming a book to Origen and Tertullian,—from Origen to Jerome and Augustine, from Jerome and Augustine to Abelard and Aquinas: again making a new beginning with the revival of literature,—from Erasmus, the father of Biblical criticism in more recent times, with Calvin and Beza for his immediate successors, through Grotius and Hammond down to De Wette and Meier, our own contemporaries. We should see how the mystical interpretation of Scripture originated in the Alexandrian age: how it blended with the logical and rhetorical;



how both received weight and currency from their use in support of the claims and teaching of the Church. We should notice how the 'new learning' of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries gradually awakened the critical faculty in the study of the Sacred Writings; how Biblical criticism has slowly but surely followed in the track of philological and historical (not without a remoter influence exercised upon it also by natural science;) how, too, the form of the scholastic literature, and even of notes on the classics, insensibly communicated itself to commentaries on Scripture. We should see how the word Inspiration, from being used in a general way to express what may be called the prophetic spirit of Scripture, has passed, within the last two centuries, into a sort of technical term; how, in other instances, the practice or feeling of earlier ages has been hollowed out into the theory or system of later ones. We should observe how the popular explanations of prophecy—as in heathen, so also in Christian times—had adapted themselves to the circumstances of mankind. We might remark that in our own country, and in the present generation especially, the interpretation of Scripture had assumed an apologetic character, as though making an effort to defend itself against some supposed inroad of science and criticism; while among German commentators there is, for the first time in the history of the world, an approach to agreement and certainty. For example, the diversity among German writers on prophecy is far less than among English ones. This is a new phenomenon, which has to be acknowledged. More than any other subject of human knowledge, Biblical criticism has hung to the past; it has been hitherto found truer to the traditions of the Church than to the words of Christ. It has made, however, two great steps onward,—at the time of the Reformation and in our day. The diffusion of a critical spirit in history and literature is affecting the criticism of the Bible in our own day, in a manner not unlike the burst of intellectual life in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Educated persons are beginning to ask, not what Scripture may be made to mean, but what it does. And it is no exaggeration to say, that he who in the present state of knowledge will confine himself to the plain meaning of words, and the study of their context, may know more of the original spirit and intention of the authors of the New Testament than all the controversial writers of former ages put together."

We altogether deny the position that "the interpretation of Scripture has assumed an apologetic character, as though making an effort to defend itself against some supposed inroad of science and criticism." The fact is, that an unsanctified science and a Christless philosophy have set their discoveries and statements in antagonism to the teachings of Inspiration, and have thrown upon the advocates of Christianity the burden of defence. The warfare is provoked and forced on by those who are ever urging upon our

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notice the contradictions which they profess to find between their modern science and our Divine Revelation, and who would thus rather undermine our belief in the Book of God than call in question their own reasonings and inductions. Having themselves thrown down the gauntlet and challenged us to the fight, would they not be the very first to charge us with cowardice, or as afraid of defeat, if we refused to take it up? Christianity apologetic! For what, and to whom has it to apologise? Christianity defensive! What threatens it, or what can succeed against it? Whenever those scientific and philosophic objectors shall assure us, that they have destroyed the pigment which gives colour to an insect's eye, we may then fear for our Christian Revelation. While we have been put upon our defence, our aim has been, not so much to protect either the Mysteries or the Revelations of our Faith, as to expose the pride and presumption, the fallacy and folly, the ignorance and impiety of our opponents. Truth never has perished in the grasp of an enemy, and it never can perish.

Inspiration, according to Mr. Jowett, is "the prophetic spirit of Scripture;" but what he means by this is not very plain, unless it be that we may deal with the letter of Scripture as we may, so long as we retain its spirit. Must not the spirit have a medium or a vehicle? And is not this vehicle to be found in the letter? From some verbal differences and slight discrepancies, he calls in question the veracity of the record. "What we want," he says, "is not the Book of Scripture, but the truth of the Book—the mind of Christ and His Apostles." In other words, "it is a life of Christ in the soul, instead of a theory of Christ which is in a book." Will he condescend to tell us, from his Professorial Chair, how we can have the truth of the Book without the Book itself? How long will the writers of this School overlook the fact that no verbal differences, and no ascertained or established discrepancies in the mere narration of facts, can ever invalidate the truth of the Record? When it is said that Jesus appeared after His resurrection to the Twelve, when on one occasion there were only Ten present, and on another there were only Eleven, it is clear that the point of information to be conveyed to us is not the number of those who were assembled together, but the fact that the Christ did actually appear in the midst of His followers when they were gathered together on these occasions. It is the central fact or truth we have to keep in mind as that to which the testimony is borne, and not the mere accessories of the narrative.

Much is said in our day of the want of harmony between the teachings of Christianity and the intellectual convictions and tastes of men; and Mr. Jowett, like many others who occupy the

same ground with himself, unaccountably charge this upon Christianity itself. These are his words :—

“The harmony between Scripture and the life of man, in all its stages, may be far greater than appears at present. No one can form any notion, from what we see around us, of the power Christianity might have if it were at one with the conscience of man, and not at variance with his intellectual convictions. Then, a world weary of the heat and dust of controversy,—of speculations about God and man,—weary, too, of the rapidity of its own motion, would return home and find rest.”

It is not so much that the Christianity of the New Testament is at variance with man's intellectual convictions, as that men are vainly striving to place Reason above Revelation. They would rather charge the Bible with inaccuracy and error, than call in question their own theories ; rather make it bend to their conclusions, than suspect the soundness of their own reasonings. They seem to forget that neither science nor philosophy has yet reached its ultimate facts ; and that, with the discovery of these facts, they may have to take a new and altogether different position. Now, let their speculations be what they may, it is impossible that they can find rest otherwise than by first accepting, with the simplicity and the trust of a little child, the teachings of Revealed Truth, and then firmly believing, amid the conflict and the contradiction of human opinion, in the perfect harmony between the works and the words of God.

The obvious tendency of these Essays and Reviews is to lower the authority of the Bible, if not to suggest that the progress of the mind, in every department of physical and moral truth, has carried us far beyond the narrower limits of the Book. Not only is Revelation treated with the utmost irreverence, but there is such a degree of assumption, illogical statement, and unfounded assertion, as to fill us with a perfect amazement. In each of the Writers, and throughout the volume, the pride of intellect is much more apparent than the grace of humility. The fallibility is all on the side of the Inspired Penmen ; the infallibility belongs all to this riper age. In their human thoughts and utterances, there could not but be imperfection and error ; it is in our higher reasonings and inductions that there is absolute certainty. Give us the humility of the sanctified heart, with the efforts and the researches of a loftier intellect, and the teachings of this nineteenth century will be subdued and modified in tone.

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## TRICENTENARY OF THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION.

On the 1st of August, 1560, the Scottish Parliament met at Edinburgh. No sooner had the various initiatory forms been disposed of, and business had begun, than all minds and hearts in the assembly were thrown into one subject, and that the progress of the Reformation, and the determination of the people to have the Protestant Faith established as the religion of the realm. Deep and savage murmurs were ever and anon heard from the Highland chiefs and a few Lowland lairds, against the bald, *parvenu*, unceremonial, unimposing pietism which obtained, stripped as it was of prelate, priest, and altar. But there was no withstanding the pressure from without, and on the 17th of August, after very little more than a fortnight's consideration, the Reformation was proclaimed as an accomplished fact, and began to be established throughout the land, with its plain pastor and schoolmaster for each parish, pretty much after the same ecclesiastical form which now exists.

That was a great fact in the history of Scotland, and well does it become the Scottish people to stand still and consider it. Old superstitions, old associations, an imposing ritual, and a venerable hierarchy, religious beliefs and religious antipathies, all were swept aside to enable a simpler, stronger, sterner faith to do its work in the construction of the national character. And that it has nobly and successfully laboured will not be doubted by any who have studied the history of Scotland's progress, the habits of the people, the opposition it has had to meet, and the results with which the activities of the Scotch, in all quarters of the world, and in all departments of industry, have been crowned.

It was a noble idea, from whomsoever it originated, that of holding a series of emphatic services in Edinburgh, commemorative of the goodness of God, and expressive of unswerving confidence in Protestant principles, at the close of the third century of the Reformation. At the close of the first century, the people were too much engaged in watching the retrogressive tendencies of their rulers and partisans, to think of glorying much in their liberty. At the close of the second century, the painful memories of 1745 were still too fresh in men's minds, and the well-known lingering regard which clung to the fallen House of the Stuarts, made Christians wisely hold to their privileges without parading their profession. Circumstances are now entirely changed.

Loyalty to our beloved Queen is now as deep-rooted and enthusiastic in the Highland mind as ever existed for *Charlie*; and in the Lowlands, scriptural views of the king-rights of Christ in his Church, and attachment to Victoria as Sovereign in the State, were never more fully appreciated, or happily maintained.

Yet there are phases of Scottish society specially calling for such a Commemoration. Many of the aristocracy have imbibed the views held by the Tractarian party in the Church of England—identical in every sense with the Laudian Episcopacy, which has throughout characterised the Scottish Episcopal Church, and on account of which new energy, bustle, and expectancy, now pervade that body. Some Scottish nobles have gone over entirely to Rome, affording a pretext to Popery for putting forth new claims to public confidence—building on the forgetfulness of the people concerning the past. While the influx of Irish into the industrial districts of the country by hundreds of thousands, uneducated, not to be touched by the ordinary means of instruction existing for the population in general, never lost sight of by their priests, intermarrying with the lower classes of the Scotch, who also in their turn become priest-ridden—has drawn into Scotland thousands of Popish priests, who are constantly insinuating themselves among the people, and getting a footing in districts where formerly their sere and yellow look, their straight hair, their long surtouts and close waistcoats, their peculiar neckties, and broad brimmers, would have made them nearly as great curiosities to the inhabitants as Mungo Park was to the Africans. Thus Romish chapels are rising up in different parts of the country, Romish bishops are appointed to sees, these come with pomp to consecrate their churches, and the elements of a new struggle begin to work in the bosom of Scottish life.

The Tricentenary of the Reformation, in these circumstances, affords an opportunity which it were a sin on the part of Scotland to overlook, in which to recal the condition of the country under the supremacy of Popery; the darkness, superstition, cruelty and wrong under which the people groaned; the political slavery which existed, and the social misery with which it was associated. Nor must the state of the land during the reign of Laudian Episcopacy be overlooked; the ignorance of the clergy, the Lord's-day desecration which they encouraged, the persecution with which they sought to enforce their claims, and the rivers of blood drawn from the veins of the best and noblest of the sons and daughters of Scotland, which they caused to be shed. Nor ought the people to be permitted to forget that, sweeping as the Scottish Reformation was, pure as compared with the Reformation in other lands it undoubtedly was, still that it were folly to suppose it was perfect,

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and ought to be stereotyped. Much remains to be done, and it is because of the opportunity which the Tricentenary Commemoration affords of a review of the defects, as well as of the excellences of the Reformation, that we devote a portion of our space to assist in the attainment of this most desirable object. To this purpose is this article devoted.

There is as little reason for believing that Paul planted Christianity in England, as there is for supposing that Simon Zelotes was the apostle of truth to Scotland. The best-supported theory in reference to the latter is, that during the persecution under Domitian, the twelfth and last of the Cæsars, many of the Christians fled from Italy and the continent to our shores, and, being pursued, betook themselves to the far north for shelter. This was about A.D. 96. There they appear to have laboured quietly, assiduously, and with success. From an incidental expression used by Tertullian, we learn, that at the close of the second century the religion of Jesus was known, and by numbers received in Scotland.

It was not, however, before the beginning of the third century that Christianity began to be much professed. Donald I., with his queen, and several of the nobles, were then publicly and with great solemnity baptized. From that time he did his best to extirpate idolatry, to establish a gospel ministry, and to turn the hearts of his people to the Lord—but with limited success. His constant wars with the Romans kept him from giving much of his attention to this great work. While the hold which Druidism had upon the minds of the people—with its mystic rites and awe-inspiring ceremonies—with its numerous and imposing priesthood, consisting of the statesmen, judges, and bards, as well as spiritual advisers of the people, required a strength and grasp of power of no ordinary description to enable the new religion to seize upon the soil. Time and patience, however, accomplished the task. New accessions to the staff of Christian missionaries were constantly made during the Roman persecutions; the missionaries themselves, holy men, *cultores Dei*, known afterwards as the Culdees, gained great respect from the people; and in the year 277, during the reign of Cratlinth, the Druids were expelled the country, and every memorial of their worship of any moment was destroyed. From this period is properly dated the commencement of the Christian era in Scotland.

For centuries the Romans, aided by the Picts, continued their wars against the Scots, with ever-varying fortune. For a time the latter were driven from the Lowlands into the mountain fastnesses, or over the Channel into Ireland—an error which the Picts had very soon occasion to regret, and the Scots were again invited to return.



Christianity, meanwhile, in its progress, ebbcd and flowed—now largely successful, now sadly depressed, but throughout keeping a firm hold on the public mind. Rome, as yet, had no supremacy in Scotland; in fact, the simple ecclesiasticism of the Culdees—the superintendents among them being no bishops, but only for the time “*primi inter pares*,” afforded no opportunity for the exercise of an ambition evoked by an hierarchical system. Yet the thirst for supremacy on the part of Popery has ever been insatiable, and Scotland was not to be overlooked.

The occasion seized upon by the Pope for interference with the churches in Scotland, was the Pelagian heresy. That had raged for some time, causing much heart-burning and grievous division. At the alleged request of the orthodox party, Palladius was sent for. Insinuating himself into the good graces of the people, powerful in argument, and successful in the overthrow of doctrinal error, he rested not till he had obtained the consent both of king and people to create an hierarchy, and place the Church under the jurisdiction of Rome. This occurred about the year 450. Previous to this time Fordun, in his chronicle, tells us, that “the Scots, following the customs of the primitive Church, had for teachers of the faith and ministers of the sacraments only Presbyters.” Boetius adds, “that Palladius was the first who exercised sacred rule among the Scots, being made bishop by the Pope.” And this is confirmed by the venerable Bede, who records, “That unto the Scots, who believed in Christ, Palladius was sent by the Pope as their first bishop.” From this time, for centuries, Popery prevailed.

We must pass over a long era of darkness and death, heaving a sigh and dropping a tear over the depravity which could pervert “the truth as it is in Jesus” into a system of spiritual bondage and idolatrous worship—believing that many who lived and died during these generations were better than the faith they professed—others, alas! much worse. But all was not darkness. There were chroniclers who wove truth into their songs, there were monks whom Christ met with in their monasteries, and there were persons who were still able, though feebly, and apparently without much effect, to witness for God. For the time was not yet.

The beginning of the fourteenth century saw Great Britain sunk into a condition of the profoundest spiritual gloom and apathy. The light of true religion, if existing at all, appears to have been so enshrouded in error, as not to be able to make its influence felt. Popery was then full-blown and rampant, and a fearful condition of things was the result. The courts and the nobles, both of England and Scotland, were steeped in ignorance. The bishops and priests were so profligate that, according to the testimony of one

of Rome's own historians, "the Church was worthy only of the detestation of posterity." Her Popes were chargeable with the grossest immoralities; her monks and mendicant friars prowled about everywhere, like beasts of prey; from the highest to the lowest, associated with the priesthood, rottenness prevailed. From the tenth to the end of the thirteenth century had been introduced into the Church the doctrine of Transubstantiation, the dogma of the Seven Sacraments, the baptism of Bells, the prohibition of flesh meat on Fridays and Saturdays, the sale of Indulgences, Auricular Confession, and the refusal to the laity of the cup in the Sacrament and the use of the Scriptures; and as among the Waldenses and Albigenses sufficient light shone to secure their continued resistance to Rome—to punish all who fell into her hands, as well as to subdue or crush every rising spirit of independence in her own midst, the infamous Inquisition was established.

These false doctrines and foul practices were now in their fullest operation, and the power of Rome seemed absolute. Emperors crouched before the Pope, kings did homage at his feet, countries were fiefs of his pontificate. That the people should be in darkness, in such circumstances, was only a natural result; that liberty should be no more than a name, at such a time, ought not to be matter of astonishment. It has ever been so—it is so still—wherever priestcraft has supreme power, the people are enslaved. And such was the state of these lands then. But God does not allow unmixed evil long to rule unopposed—darkness undisturbed long to reign. In the fourteenth century it was when John Wycliffe, "the star of the Reformation," burst through the gloom, and began to teach, with a clearness and a power which to this day occasions wonder, the grand truths of the everlasting Gospel. The ground which from the first he occupied as a reformer was, the Headship of Christ alone in the Church—destroying, in his estimation, the supremacy of the Pope; salvation, through the perfect sacrifice of Christ, needing no supplemental sacrifice of transubstantiation; freedom of Christian worship, thus separating the Church from earthly government; and the right of the people to the Word of God, which led him to translate the Scriptures into the vernacular tongue.

Amid abounding iniquity Wycliffe stood forth, like a giant refreshed with new wine, and laboured incessantly in denouncing the errors of the Papacy and the immorality of the clergy, calling on men to seek salvation alone through faith in Christ. Nor was he long without followers. The heart of these nations seemed sick of the sin and shame which passed for religion. Adherents flocked to him from all classes; and though he was twice cited to

appear before the emissaries of Rome, by the great interest which his undaunted courage had secured on his side, nothing was done to him. He died at his living of Lutterworth, having by his labours planted the pillars of the Reformation. His ashes were dug up by his enemies, scattered to the winds, and cast upon the waters. Poor spite towards one whom they could not touch while he was living. Yet there in history, after centuries, John Wycliffe stands—the first Protestant and Puritan!

The Lollards were Wycliffe's successors. They went everywhere preaching the same great truths, and many of them sealed their testimony with their blood. Wycliffe's Bible made its way both in England and Scotland. The seeds of truth soon became broadcast in both countries. Especially in the south and west of Scotland was this the case. So that, after Patrick Hamilton, Walter Mills, George Wishart, and others had watered the Word with their tears and prayers, and finally with their blood—when John Knox began his great work, he found a people prepared to his hand. And such was the effect of his energetic ministrations, that in a very few years a large proportion of the population of the Lowlands, including many of the nobility and gentry, had renounced Popery, and were ready to demand, with him, as the established religion of the land, the creed and the ecclesiasticism of the Reformation.

We must here, in a few sentences, ask the reader's attention, first, to the establishment of the Reformation in England under Elizabeth; and, then, regard its subsequent institution in 1560 in Scotland. This falls in with the order of events in point of time, as well as meets the object which we have meanwhile in view.

It was now a happy day for England—"the bloody Queen Mary" was dead. On the announcement of this fact, the Parliament was immediately assembled. The Commons were summoned to the bar of the Upper House, and were informed that, with their consent, the Lady Elizabeth should be proclaimed Queen. With one approving voice the announcement was met. At Hatfield, Elizabeth had been reared in comparative solitude. Hated by her sister Mary, and hating her in return, she seemed naturally to shrink from the parties, both in Church and State, who had previously encircled the throne, and had brought it into such disgrace. On the 17th of November, 1558, Elizabeth was proclaimed. Six days afterwards she made her public entrance into London. No one was struck with her beauty, but all were affected by her bearing. When a Bible was presented to her on her passage through the city, she kissed it and pressed it to her heart—holding it there amid the acclamations of the people. It had been well



had she loved it better, read it more, and acted more in accordance with its precepts.

"The new Queen, however, proved herself to be a genuine daughter of Henry VIII.; for she commenced her reign by forbidding her subjects to be reformed sooner, and closed it by prohibiting them from being reformed further than she chose." She announced to the Pope her accession to the throne. Sir Edward Carne, the English ambassador at Rome, conveyed the message. The aged Paul, who was then Pope, on hearing it, broke through all restraint, stamped with rage, declared that England was a fief of Rome, that Elizabeth was illegitimate, and that it was excessive temerity for her to assume the title and authority of Queen of England without his leave. This was a providential circumstance, for which our country has to be thankful to this day. Elizabeth, with all her faults, was not a woman to be trifled with; and, hearing of the Pope's conduct, commanded her ambassador immediately to leave Rome and return home. Then began her work of re-establishing the Reformation.

Taking time and advice in reference to this matter, Sir William Cecil, then Secretary of State, informed her Majesty that the largest portion of the nation, ever since her father's reign, inclined to the Reformation. King Edward's Liturgy was revised in Council; and though, to satisfy Elizabeth, it was made much less decidedly Protestant, on the 24th of June, 1559, it was established by law, in virtue of an "Act for the Uniformity of Common Prayer." A clause was inserted in this Act, without which, Elizabeth informed Archbishop Parker, she would never have signed it, empowering her, as Queen, "to ordain further ceremonies." Among other things it gave her power to create a Court, infamous to all posterity—the history of a similar one in Scotland, during the Charles's, may be traced in blood—the Court of High Commission; every member of which was to be appointed by the Crown, and the purpose of which was to take cognizance of religion. Here, at the outset, was a great blot on the Reformation, as established by Elizabeth. *She* became Head of the Church, took the place of the Pope, and required all to submit to her supremacy.

Nor was this all. Elizabeth, acting on this authority, caused to be published fifty-three injunctions; among other things, ordaining that priests and deacons should not marry without leave of the bishops and two justices of the peace, nor bishops without the consent of the archbishops and the high commissioners; that private and family prayers should be discouraged, and that all prayer should be offered in the churches, where the Queen's will was supreme. She frowned upon preaching, and established for the Sabbath-day the Book of Sports. Bishop Sandys observes,

that "multitudes of persons did not hear a sermon once in seven years in the churches." As to her own religion, Elizabeth abjured nothing in Popery but submission to a higher authority than her own, and "was no further a Protestant than was necessary to make herself a Pope." In the Royal Chapel she had images, and crucifixes, and lighted candles; and when her chaplain, on one occasion, preached against the sign of the Cross, unable to contain her anger, she shouted out to him—"Desist from that ungodly digression, and go on with your text!" In all this the word and authority of the Lord Jesus were not regarded, though He alone is the "Head over all things to the Church."

It was scarcely possible that these things should be without something of that spirit being evoked which animated Wycliffe, and which lived in and led on to death for Christ his successors—the Lollards. Nor was it so. Elizabeth was not ignorant of the fact of Puritanism existing, standing boldly out against her usurpation of power, not in matters temporal, but in the Church of Christ. This she determined to uproot and destroy. The London clergy were summoned to appear before the High Commission, sitting in St. Paul's. A hundred of them obeyed the call. They had placed before them a certain Mr. Cole, dressed in full canonicals, as the Queen approved. The Bishop's Chancellor addressed them:—"My masters," said he, "and ye ministers of London, the Council's pleasure is, that ye strictly keep the unity of apparel, like this man [pointing to Mr. Cole], with a square cap, a scholar's gown priest-like, a tippet, and in the church a linen surplice. Ye that will subscribe, say 'Volo;' ye who will not, say 'Nolo.'" On attempting to speak, they were commanded to be silent; and while sixty-three subscribed, acknowledging that it wounded their conscience, thirty-seven would not subscribe, choosing rather to suffer, or even to die. These were the first Puritan pastors—many of them the most godly men, and most of them the best preachers of their day, at a time when not one minister in six could compose a sermon.

Now, there is not much, apparently, in a minister's dress—whether he preach in a black gown or a white, or in no gown at all. Nor indeed is there anything in the mere garment. A man may preach as well in a smock-frock as in a surplice—in a Geneva as in a Cambridge gown. But it is whether any principle is at stake in wearing it—whether or not it is *the badge* of a party. It was on the ground of opposing the Popish doctrine of the Mass that Ridley ordered the altars to be removed from the churches, and a simple table to be used. It was in opposition to Popery, and with a desire to uproot it from the Church, that Bishop Hooper refused to wear sacerdotal vestments. Bishop Jewel, in

the like spirit, declared the priestly garb to be "a stage-dress, a fool's coat, a relique of the Amorites, and promised to spare no pains to extirpate all such Popish remnants." This was the ground on which Puritanism took its stand. And well had it been for the Church of England to-day, had its voice been regarded and its counsels of wisdom been followed, instead of its noble men having been martyred. But the compromise, of which the English Church is the offspring, between Popery and Protestantism, has developed into many hideous conformations. Among others, observe this day how the seeds of the apostacy, left in the Church of England at the Reformation, are seen full-blown in Tractarianism, bearing bitter fruits, preparing and sending multitudes back to the bosom of the Man of Sin, proclaiming to the world that Oxford is the highway to Rome, and showing that, if England is ever to be Christ's, the Reformation has yet to be reformed.

The Reformation in Scotland was a very different matter to the Reformation in England. The Scottish sovereigns and Court were ever opposed to it. Popish to the back-bone, they did everything they could to stem the current of reforming opinions. But all was in vain. The people had put their hand to the plough, backed by many of the nobility and gentry; and, with a full realization of the "*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*," nothing could stop their progress, or induce them to look back. Hamilton, Wishart, and their compeers had laboured hard, and had laboured successfully, in exposing the entire rottenness of the Popish hierarchy, as well as in proving the unscripturalness of Popish doctrines and practices. John Knox followed in their wake, with all the rigour of Calvin both in doctrine and discipline, and with far more than Calvin's power. He was a bold man, was John Knox; and his bravery was just the thing to set on fire the sturdy hearts of Scotchmen for God and His truth. An iconoclast was Knox; and his disregard for mere form and ceremony—crucifix, cathedral, or consecration—went far to leaven the whole land with that spirit of freedom in religious matters which, whilst it has its extremes which ought to be avoided, had for that age its excellences; so that, despite the opposition of James v., his widow the Queen-Regent, and their daughter, the unhappy Mary, reforming opinion went on, gathered strength, and resulted, in 1560, in the most Reformed of all the Reform Churches, and in the purest establishment on the face of the earth, having neither priest nor prelate, but simple ministers, elders, and deacons.

Such is the Reformation, the Tricentenary of which in Scotland happens this year. For its realization we have much to be thankful. Greatly do we rejoice, therefore, that during this month, in Edinburgh, this great fact is to be brought to mind before God,



and on an extensive scale and catholic basis to be celebrated. This, we think, is as it ought to be. This will lead to a review of the whole subject—to a recalling to remembrance of those evils of Popery out of which the Reformation led, and about which now-a-days so many people appear to be indifferent—to a reconsideration of the Reformation itself, its worth and its weakness, its excellences and its defects, and to a devout appreciation, we hope, of the present mission of Christianity—pure, undefiled, and unshackled—which may lead to the putting forth of primitive power towards “the restitution of all things.” May the best expectations of the largest-hearted of the Christian men, who have originated and are labouring to carry out this celebration, be realized! and may even more than they foresee of freedom to all the churches of the saints be thereby advanced!

We should ill discharge our duty, however, were we to close our remarks without hinting at a few of the obligations resting on the Churches, and worthy of their devout consideration, in relation to the age, and as arising out of the deficiencies of the Reformation.

We have little or no fault to find with the Scottish Reformers in reference to doctrine. In respect to the great outline of Divine Truth, their opinions were scriptural and well defined. *About the work of Christ*, their views have ever appeared to us to be somewhat cramped, and their estimate of it limited; so that, taken in their legitimate application, their offers of Divine Mercy became, though they meant not so, all but necessarily circumscribed.

On the question of Church government, it has long appeared to us that the Word of God affords no ground for much dogmatizing. There are a few fundamental principles laid down in the New Testament on which we are required to act, and by which the Church is to be kept pure—all else seems left to natural development. A diversity, in this respect, was to be anticipated. Ecclesiasticism, fairly considered, is the utterance in action *without* of our spiritual life, and of the Church’s spiritual life *within*. Where there is life, there will be variety. A forest of trees may all be pruned into one form in winter; but no sooner will the breath of spring begin to blow upon them, and the life of summer burst forth and shoot out, than you will find infinite diversity.

The more simple, however, our organization becomes, the more, we feel persuaded, will it accord with the character and claims of a Church of Christ truly spiritual. Complications and excesses of organization are not utterances of power, but of weakness. Not that a disregard is to be shown in the way and manner in which we carry on the work of God:—nor is a want of attention to the discipline of the Church ever to be manifested. A highly spiritually

educated mind, a highly spiritually educated Church, a highly spiritually educated age, will never be satisfied with anything but what God's Word approves, His honour demands, and His service requires.

The great difficulty in regard to all the forms of Church government which have for any length of time been mixed up with the State, lies in this—the amount of *the worldly governmental* which becomes embodied with and overrides the scriptural and spiritual. This has led to legislation instead of arbitration—to injunction instead of admonition—yea, to every form of compulsory enactment, up to Episcopal Decretals and Papal Bulls. The whole of these strike a death-blow at the voluntary character of true religion, as founded on individual conviction and action; and as their existence implies the presence and possession of power with man over his fellow-man—a power after which men naturally lust—so do they indicate the certainty of a struggle before the Church and the world get rid of politico-ecclesiastical authority, whether in the form of Synodical action, Prelatical dictation, or Papal anathema.

The great question with which the Churches of these islands have yet to grapple—a question handed down to us from the Reformation—is that of the union of Church and State. We do not here inquire whether a magistrate, as such, is bound to help the Church. We believe that every man is to use all the influence he possesses for his God. But a magistrate lives not on the bench, nor a king on the throne. Both the one and the other may cast in their positional influence for Christ, without carrying into the Church their magisterial authority. No government can long support, from the public purse, all sections of religionists in the land, yet all may be alike loyal. To select one sect to the neglect of all the others, is to elevate the one to the injury of the many;—it is to create pride on the one hand, and originate heart-burnings on the other:—it cannot vitalize for good the section which is selected—it is ever a bone of contention, working discontent among all the rest.

“Nothing, in our opinion, has been more injurious to the Church of Christ in the world, than its subserviency to secular power. There are certain unquestionable blessings which the possession of ‘pure and undefiled religion’ by a country, cannot fail to confer both upon its government and people; and there are certain rights and privileges which every government must concede, in order to the propagation and enjoyment of religion. But the moment the spiritual overrides the secular power, the State becomes oppressed by ecclesiastical tyranny; and the instant the secular power interferes with the individual Christian, or with

Christian Churches, in the exercise of their privileges, Christianity suffers from intolerance. The true equilibrium between them we believe to be, *when religion* is left free to do its own work in its own sphere, and *the civil power* in its sphere ; then the former will further the ends of all good government, and the latter will possess enlightened and sanctified subjects among whom to exercise its highest and noblest functions.

"As it is, much of the time of senates, much of the wisdom and eloquence of statesmen, have been expended in endeavouring to settle disputes occasioned by the overreaching grasp either of secular or spiritual authorities. Much of the bitterness of parties is fomented and fed by clashing interests, originating in the same source. Separate these, giving "a fair field and no favour" to religion, and liberty to governments to devote themselves entirely to their own affairs, and speedily a new era will dawn upon the world. The prejudices of sect in the Churches will give place to the provocations of love ; the useful in religious creeds will establish the real in them ; the lordly priest will discover his honour in becoming the lowly minister ; freedom of opinion will create respect alone for fairness of opinion ; piety will shun pride as it would poison ; wisdom will appear to be what it really is, both good and great, because great in doing good ; nobility will become another name for exalted virtue and practical worth ; and governments will exist in their true character, and in their proper place, as the executives of the public will for the protection of the lives, the liberties, and the properties of the whole people. Far is the world yet from enjoying this blessed condition of things ; still, the anticipation of its realization is no mere chimera, but a predicted certainty, having the Gospel of Christ working out its fulfilment in the world, and the God of the Gospel presiding over the elements of its sublime consummation."\*

What all the Churches of the Reformed Faith desiderate at this crisis in the world's history, is a baptism of life and power from on high. All have organization enough—all order and form enough. What is wanted is *vitality*. The bud bursts its shell, and casts off its coat, when the life within it rushes forth into blossom and fruit. So, Heaven's own life, coming down with resistless power upon the Churches, will finally prove the grand Restorer from all death within, and the great Reformer from all ecclesiastical malformations without ; casting off the useless, and removing all that stands in the way of prosperity.

What, then, is the state of society around the Churches ? The masses everywhere are moving, and craving after a better con-

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\* Dr. Brown's "Peden the Prophet," p. 144.



dition of life. Are the Churches moving, to meet, with God's own remedy, the craving of the masses? Or, do they dread movement, shrink from seeming disorder, fear novelty? Are they so orderly and so formal, that they shrink from the apparent vulgarity of going out of the ordinary way to do good? Do they stand on their dignity? Is there no danger of Churches dying of dignity?

In our day, all is movement. The arabs of the street and of the city are being gathered into ragged schools, the social evil is being grappled with at midnight, "the missing link" of woman's gentle hand is now bringing up from the dregs of society into the genial influences of regenerating love, and truth, the most hideous shapes of lost humanity. Omnibus men are being preached to in their yards, butcher boys meet for nightly prayer, cities and towns are being brought together in Christian conference about missions at home and missions abroad—missions to the young and missions to the old; and the cry is going up night and day to the Lord of Sabaoth—"Send, Lord, send now prosperity!"

What as Christians we have to regard is, that, individually and in union with our fellow-Christians, we take care that *our link* in the golden chain of instrumentalities is fully charged, and that it faithfully communicates its quota in the great work of moving, enlightening, and sanctifying the world. Let Christians, let churches be encouraged—for most assuredly will come the day, the long-expected day of earth's great jubilee, when from the south and from the north, from the east and from the west, Jesus shall receive his inheritance, and

"Justice and mercy, holiness and love,  
Among the people walk; Messiah reign,  
And earth keep jubilee a thousand years!"

### III.

#### HUMBOLDT'S LETTERS.\*

THAT "the world does not know its best and greatest," is a truth familiar to our German neighbours, no less than to ourselves. We rarely do full justice to those with whom we associate, till it is a little too late, and all that remains of the best specimens of humanity, is the dust and ashes of their graves. Though eminent men constitute the life of a nation's life, and often become the best

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\* Letters of Alexander Von Humboldt, written between the years 1827 and 1858 to Varnhagen Von Ense: together with extracts from Varnhagen's Diaries, and Letters from Varnhagen and others to Humboldt. London: Trubner and Co.

benefactors of the age they adorn, leaving the treasure of an honoured memory behind them, to awaken, in distant bosoms, what Lord Kames calls, "the sympathetic emotion of virtue;" yet, by a strange perversion of our moral sentiments, we are too much disposed to overlook merits which, in our hearts, we are obliged to acknowledge, and, at a safe distance, shall be prepared to venerate and admire.

As man never acts without a motive, such as it is, there may be some foundation, in the nature of things, for this reluctant homage. It requires excellence to appreciate excellence, genius to estimate genius, and wisdom to discern those hidden qualities in mankind, which, like rivers flowing a long way underground, do not often disclose themselves to the light of day. We may be too near the statue to observe its elevation; or we have no admiration to spare, from that secret idol of every man's worship, his own dearer self; or we are touched with envy at the known superiority of a rival;—weary, like the Greek countryman, of always hearing Aristides called "the just;"—or we are too eager, too absorbed, too busy, or too trifling, to analyze another's title to estimation; besides that he may cross our path in too many ways. Not till they have passed away, and Death—which heightens the lustre of all that he touches, in the very moment of removing it—has made that which was beautiful, permanent, by placing upon it the seal of immortality, do we fully recognize all the excellence even of our dearest friends.

"For it so falls out,  
That what we have we prize not to the worth  
While we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,  
Why, then we reck the value; then we find,  
The virtue that possession would not show us  
While it was ours."

This tendency to magnify the dead, and to overlook or disparage living worth, is as injurious to ourselves as it is unjust to others, and robs both parties of many obvious advantages. All England felt that it was a wrong to humanity, that Havelock's military excellence was so long unacknowledged; and men grieved that he could not have known, before his departure, of the high estimation in which, for his latest exploits, he was held by his Queen and country. Lord Bacon only betrayed his intimate knowledge of human nature, and perhaps of the English side of it, when he bequeathed his name to posterity, after "three generations shall have passed away." Milton must have known, that the rich inheritance of his fame would increase as the years revolved, and

that, however dashed and chequered his renown might be, among his own immediate contemporaries, by reason of party strife, or political estrangement, he should yet leave behind him writings, in noble poetry or lofty prose, which the English nation, and Europe at large, "would not willingly let die." Humboldt himself, in one of these letters, suggests another form of the truth we have stated. "What men believe or disbelieve, is usually made a subject of discussion *only after their death*; after one has been officially buried, and a funeral sermon has been read over one by Sydow."\*

It is a gratifying circumstance that Baron Humboldt may be considered as a marked exception to this prevailing rule; for he was not left to wait for his apotheosis, nor doomed to linger on to his latest day, in hope of tardy justice or posthumous renown. Before he had attained to the ordinary meridian of life, he was early recognized by his countrymen, and generally, on the Continent, as a distinguished person. From the publication of his *Personal Narrative* in 1805, he has been more or less considered, in this country, as an eminent traveller, possessed of nearly every requisite for the undertaking, especially in the department of natural science and philosophy, and in the art of managing men in the various countries through which he passed. We may well understand the depth of esteem entertained for him by his countrymen and by the present King of Prussia, from the language his Majesty employed when introducing Humboldt to the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, at Prague, some years ago.

"And who is the Baron Von Humboldt," says the Emperor, "that you present him to me with so much *empressement*? I have never heard of him."

"Not heard of him!" exclaimed the King with honest amazement: "why, he is the greatest man since the deluge!"

These letters, left by Humboldt, to be published as a posthumous legacy to the world, have created, we are told, a lively sensation over all Germany, where, within a few weeks after they were printed, a fifth edition appeared. They have been hailed, in the present eventful state of affairs, as fresh and startling evidence of the fact that liberal principles, and a strong feeling of German nationality and unity, have been steadily gaining ground, even among the highest classes of Prussian society. To this feature of the book, far more than to "the delicious bits of scandal in it," to some of which we shall feel it our duty to refer, the powerful effect which it has produced is mainly to be attributed.

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\* "Von Sydow, one of the chaplains of the Prussian Court, who usually preached the funeral sermons of people of rank or note buried at Berlin."



Some controversy has been awakened as to the propriety of publishing some of the statements; but the editor of the original letters, an accomplished lady, has ably vindicated herself from the charge of issuing them so soon after the writer's death. It appears that Humboldt sometimes wrote more than 2,000 letters every year to all sorts of persons; and he even protested against having unauthorized or confidential letters published after his decease. But those contained in this volume were expressly designed for publication, and were committed, for this purpose, to the care of his intimate friend Varnhagen, a man of great eminence, worthy of his confidence, more than his equal in the science of language and of thought, and to whose enlightened judgment he often deferred. But as Varnhagen died first, these literary treasures were bequeathed by him to his own niece, Ludmilla Assing, of Berlin, who also shared the regard of Humboldt; and they have been accordingly printed by her, as she asserts, "*unaltered and entire*," in which, as we think, she acted wisely under the circumstances. The collection is enriched by the letters of other famous and distinguished men, which exhibit Humboldt in his wide-spread intercourse with the world, and in his manifold relations to scholars and men of letters, to statesmen and princes, all of whom sought him and paid him homage. Humboldt's own letters are often illustrated by passages in Varnhagen's Diary, giving us the spoken as well as the written expression of Humboldt's thoughts. We learn from the Preface and Introductory Vindication, that Humboldt knew of Varnhagen's Diary, and himself repeated facts and statements to him with a view to publication, giving him, in a letter dated Dec. 7th, 1841, his fullest sanction:—"After my speedy decease you may deal as you please with such property."

At the same time we are free to confess, that some of Humboldt's own letters have disappointed us, being scarcely equal to the reputation of the author. Many of the subjects are trivial in the extreme, and others, though not without a slight bearing upon the topics of that day, have totally lost, by this time, the limited importance they possessed. We mention this, in order that our readers may not expect from the volume more than they are likely to find in it. This must be the almost unavoidable result of letters, accumulated through a succession of years, and left to be published after the writer's death, when the whole state and frame of public affairs shall be totally altered, unless such letters relate to political events or transactions of permanent interest. They were committed also to the care and custody of an intimate friend, who, had he lived, would questionless have exercised a wide discretion; and would probably have left out Humboldt's pathetic reference to the

inconvenience he felt "from a wretched little whitlow on my toe." He might have expunged, without loss, some of those futile attempts at ironical wit and humour, most of which, if they ever had any, have lost, like salt, their Attic savour, in the translation;—and we hope also, that he would have cancelled some of those contemptuous allusions to religious men and religious things, which, to say the least, reflect no credit upon the good taste of his departed friend. The correspondence which relates to eminent men, or to the progress of his own writings, constitutes the chief interest of the work. It is no treason to say, that the evident design of the collection must chiefly have been to illustrate the fame of the celebrated traveller, by showing the estimation in which he was held by those of his contemporaries, who stood in the nearest political or intellectual rank to himself.

Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt was born at Tegel, near Berlin, in September, 1769 — a year remarkable for the birth of great men. Napoleon Buonaparte, the late Duke of Wellington, Cuvier, Chateaubriand, George Canning, Sir James Mackintosh, Marshal Ney, Marshal Soult, and Von Humboldt, all first saw the light that year. He was educated, with a view to employment in the direction of the Government mines, successively at Gottingen, Frankfort-on-the-Oder, at Hamburgh, and at the mining-school at Frieberg; but he soon broke away from the trammels of trade and became a traveller.

At the age of eighteen, he seems to have formed the plan of those pursuits in which he was destined to attain so much honour. In company with George Forster, a friend of kindred tastes, he made excursions to several parts of Europe, the Alps, and Italy; and in 1790, visited Holland and England—the result of which was his first publication, "On Certain Basaltic Formations on the Rhine."

Charmed by the discoveries of Galvani, in electricity, he gave himself to the study of that science, and published the result in two octavos at Berlin in 1796, with notes by Blumenbach. Having failed to obtain any appointment, in connection with Government expeditions, he determined to rely on his own efforts; and accordingly, in 1797, he travelled with M. Aimé Bonpland, the eminent botanist, in various excursions in Spanish Guiana, from whence they returned to Cumana in 1800. They next pursued their scientific researches on the continent of South America. On the 23rd June, 1802, they climbed Chimborazo, and reached a height of 19,300 feet—a point of the earth higher than any that had been before attained: after which he spent some months in Lima and Mexico. In January, 1804, he embarked for Havannah; paid a visit of two months to Philadelphia and other parts

of the United States; returned to Europe, and landed at Havre in August, 1804—richer in collections of objects, on the great field of the natural sciences, than any preceding traveller.

Humboldt, upon his return to Europe, was warmly welcomed by the *savans* of Paris, where his brother William was settled for some years as an attaché from the Prussian Court. Paris at that time offered a great assemblage of scientific aids, and Humboldt took up his abode there; and then commenced a series of gigantic publications in almost every department of science. Having visited Italy in 1818, with Gay Lussac, and afterwards travelled in England in 1822, he permanently took up his residence in Berlin in 1827; and, having enjoyed the personal favour of the then Sovereign of Prussia, and of his successor, he was made a Councillor of State, and was entrusted with more than one diplomatic mission. In 1829, at the particular desire of the Czar, he visited Russia, Siberia, and the shores of the Caspian Sea, in company with Gustav Rose and Ehrenberg. They accomplished a journey of 2,142 geographical miles onward to the south-east slope of the Altai, towards the Chinese frontier, returning by Astracan, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. In 1836-9, he published his "Critical History of Geography, and the Progress of Astronomy in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries."

It must not be supposed, however, that he was only a traveller or a man of letters. On the contrary, he was much occupied with thoughts and speculations upon the political condition of Germany, France, Russia, and England. He appears to have looked upon the state of affairs, even then, with a wide forecast as to the probable consequences. In Varnhagen's Diary, quoted in these letters, of 1838-9, we have such remarks as these, which have been verified in our own times:—

"Humboldt, in a long visit, gave me the news from Töplitz. Both the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia avoided being alone with each other, as each apprehended embarrassment from it. The Emperor spoke very contemptuously of the present form of the French Government, and was particularly severe on King Louis Philippe. Prince Metternich was gay and careless; for the present he was wholly without apprehension, but harboured the gloomy foreboding that with Louis Philippe's death, affairs would take a fresh turn and war would be inevitable. In dealing with Metternich, one must always apply the test of seeing how far any particular opinion fits in with his present position."

Again, April, 1839:—

"Visited Humboldt, who told me a great number of things, and



showed me a fine portrait of Arago. He spoke much of the Anglo-Russian complications in the East Indies and Persia, and related to me what he had heard from the mouth of the Russian Emperor himself on the subject. *The Emperor was embittered against the English, and thought it of the highest importance to counteract their dominion in Asia.* Humboldt allows that I am right in saying that a good fifty years must pass away before any real danger from Russia will threaten the English in the East; but that apprehension and zeal might, even without necessity, produce a conflict in Europe before it would come to a collision in that quarter: both sides, however, would bethink themselves before bringing matters to that pass." [Letters, p. 41, 42.]

Humboldt's political sagacity has been fully confirmed by the events of 1854, by the Crimean War, by the Persian Outbreak, and by the Indian Revolt. "Apprehension and zeal" really brought about struggles of no mean dimensions, the probability of which Russia seems to have more fully foreseen than England or France, her own sinister policy having had much to do in bringing them about; just as the dishonest juggler is likely to know more about shifting the cards than the unsuspecting bystander.

In 1842, the Baron came to England in the suite of the King of Prussia, on occasion of the baptism of the heir apparent of these realms. It was supposed in Germany, that the visit was planned and arranged by Bunsen, and had contributed to make his appointment as ambassador palatable at the English Court. Among the honours and attentions which Humboldt received, in his public career, few, it is said, were more signal or gratifying than the marks of respect and esteem evinced towards him in the highest quarters; and his reception, in scientific circles, was not less welcome. These attentions, however grateful to him at the time, do not appear to have abated his usual tendency to look upon men and things with a somewhat unfriendly and cynical eye. It is no unusual thing, we believe, with our Continental and American neighbours, to file their tongue, and speak most favourably of what they see and hear while they are in England—flattered in the extreme, as they must be, by the courtesies they receive from public men, and those who dwell in noble houses; but reserving it to their after correspondence, upon their return, to right the balance, and thus relieve themselves of that burden of gratitude, which always sits ill upon mean natures, by remarks of a disqualifying or an acrimonious kind. From no one did Humboldt receive greater indications of respect than from the late Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, who then stood high in the councils of their Sovereign; but as it is just possible that they may have failed to go all the lengths which the Baron's egregious

self-love would have desired, he contrives, after the most approved fashion, in the midst of his other encomiums, "to hint a fault, and hesitate dislike."

After Humboldt's return, Varnhagen writes, evidently at his friend's dictation:—

"Humboldt has given me a very favourable account of England. At court, great splendour, but a simple and natural mode of private life; conversation easy and friendly, and good-natured in its tone, even between the members of rival political factions. *PEEL he does not like; did not like him before; says that he looks like a Dutchman; is rather vain than ambitious; has narrow views.* Lord Aberdeen's taciturnity is invincible. It has, however, the effect of making folks believe he could, if he would, say something good. Bunsen has in numerous instances shown an utter want of tact: all the world is against him. The king more than ever disposed to take his part. Even Englishmen say, 'The whole affair of the king's journey is only an intrigue of Bunsen.'"

But we suppose that the memory of Sir Robert Peel, and the reputation of the now venerable Earl of Aberdeen, are not likely to suffer, with any reflecting man, from observations so flippant as these; which, like the attacks of Zoilus on Homer, or the critics of his own day on Dryden, or Macaulay's estimate of Lord Bacon's philosophy, are far more likely to injure the writer than any one else.

Whilst we are upon this ungracious topic, we may add that his reference to Prince Albert, betrays a captiousness not quite worthy of the author of *Kosmos*. "As to Prince Albert," he says, "I had at his own request, when he was at Stolzenfels, ordered a copy of my *Kosmos* to be laid in his apartment, and he had the politeness not to thank me for it." But it seems that, shortly after, the Prince Consort sent him not only a handsome letter of thanks, but also presented him with Catherwood's book on Mexican Monuments ("Views in Central America,") wishing it might be considered as a sequel to Humboldt's own large work on Central America. This, however, displeased the Baron, as he had purchased the work some time before, and thought he should have liked a copy of Byron's works better—circumstances which the Prince could not be expected to know. He criticises the style of the letter of thanks—especially the use of the words, *terraces of stars*, which Prince Albert had quoted—but he lets out the real secret of his dissatisfaction in the fact that it contained no reference to the Queen. "*It is strange, too, that he never mentions QUEEN VICTORIA, who perhaps does not find my book on Nature sufficiently Christian!*" It is creditable to

the better taste, and better nature, of Varnhagen, that he strongly rebuked his friend for his injustice to the Prince. On which Humboldt adds, "You were right in scolding me for my too great severity against the man of the star-terraces. I am severe only with the mighty ones, and this man made an uncomfortable impression on me at Stolzenfels."

Our readers will regret with us that the Baron, who has so many claims to estimation, on the nobler side of his nature, should have occasionally betrayed such littleness of mind, which derogates more from his own honour than from that of any other person. If the Queen did not think Humboldt's writings "*sufficiently Christian*," an opinion which many others equally share, it might be wise on her part not to let her name appear; and we are truly glad that the religious sentiments of Her Majesty, in favour of Divine Truth, should be so well known and appreciated abroad, and have a due weight among literary men. But it is quite possible that the Prince Consort wrote the letter of thanks, on his own personal spontaneity, without implicating Royalty at all in the matter.

Be this as it may, these observations upon sentiments uttered in private, unless given by permission of the persons principally concerned, involve a tacit breach of confidence between man and man. Such instances, if often repeated, tend to sow distrust between different orders of the community. They may, not unreasonably, be expected to deter aristocratic or royal persons from associating quite so freely with strangers, as they might otherwise be disposed to do; at least till the moral and interior nature of visitors, introduced within the favoured circle, shall be sufficiently known and attested, to give probable indication that those in high places, whether princes or public men, shall be safe from gratuitous insult or misrepresentation, in after time. N. P. Willis, in his letters from America, some years ago, after his visit to this country, grievously offends in this particular. But Baron Humboldt might have known better, if Willis, and others of his tribe, did not. We have heard it stated, by those most competent to form an opinion, that Mrs. Stowe's own reminiscences would have been none the worse for a little careful revision and weeding in this respect. Not having the privilege of an acquaintance with her, we speak without a particle of prejudice; but it will strike any one at a glance, that opinions and conversations find a record in her "*Sunny*" pages, which could never have been uttered, with a view to publicity, by the parties whose noble hospitality she had shared.

It is no more than just to say, that these ebullitions of feeling and temper must be considered as rather exceptional with the Baron than habitual to him. It is certain that, through life, most of



those who knew him retained a deep-felt and most cordial regard to him, for it is said that he never lost a friend. He was always most assiduous in the service and assistance of men of science, extending available help to Liebig, to Agassiz, and to others, in the most generous manner. Lady Morgan, who, at a later period, knew him well at Paris, assures us that his company was universally sought, and that the noblest minds delighted in his society. Madame de Houchien, indeed, says that he was thought to be "given to sarcasm and mystification;" but she worthily adds, "I never hear his name announced, without rising with involuntary deference. His presence recalls all that is most sublime in the capability of human nature. His gigantic labours, contrasted with the pleasant familiarity of his conversation, indicate the universality of the highest order of mind. He is like the elephant, who can with equal ease tear down an oak, or pick up a pin. With me he always 'picks up the pin,' and we fall into persiflage as usual."

No city in the world was so rich in men of science as Paris was then, and with all these he was on terms of intimacy. Among his scientific friends in Paris from the year 1807, we may reckon Biot, Gay-Lussac, Cuvier, Laplace, Arago, Berthollet, and others. Varnhagen, who met him at Paris in 1810, says:—"In the *salons* of Metternich (who was at that time Austrian ambassador at Paris) I saw Humboldt only as a brilliant meteor, so much so that I hardly found time to present myself to him. Rarely has a man engaged to so great a degree the esteem of all, the admiration of the most opposite parties, and the zeal of all in power to serve him. Napoleon does not love him! He knows Humboldt as a shrewd thinker, whose way of thinking and whose opinion cannot be bent; but the Emperor and his court, and the high authorities, have never denied the impression which they received by the presence of this bold traveller, and the light which seems to stream from it in every direction."

From this time, for twenty years together, after his great Russian journey, his life was without any remarkable incident, being chiefly taken up in preparing his works for the press; and in later years he resided chiefly at Berlin, by the wish of the King of Prussia, whose friend and guest he was; and his official duties, not very laborious, demanded constant attendance at court on given occasions.

Humboldt's last considerable publication was his "*Kosmos*," by which he is likely to be most permanently known, and which he speaks of as the work of his life. It was the one thought of his thoughts—his first and last conception—"the most majestic statue of his house of life." "Its undefined image," he wrote in 1844,

"has floated before my mind for half a century;" while his object, to use his own fine expression, was to show "the order that pervades the universe, and the magnificence of that order." Writing to Varnhagen, he says:—

"I am going to press with my work—the work of my life. The mad fancy has seized me of representing, in a single work, the whole material world,—all that is known to us of the phenomena of heavenly space and terrestrial life, from the nebulae of stars to the geographical distribution of mosses on granite rocks; and this in a work in which a lively style shall at once interest and charm. Each great and important principle, wherever it appears to lurk, is to be mentioned in connection with facts.

"My title at present is *Kosmos*; outlines of a description of the physical world. I know that *Kosmos* is very grand, and not without a certain tinge of affectation; but the title contains a striking word, meaning both heaven and earth."

This would have been a great undertaking, to occupy a life in prospect, but to finish it when between seventy and eighty-nine years of age, seemed a hopeless anticipation. He was fully aware of the difficulty. He says, "I will finish the *Kosmos*, although at the entrance to many sciences (such as Universal History, Geology, and the Mechanism of the Heavens) dark apparitions stand threatening, endeavouring to prevent me from reaching the interior." The last page of the fifth and last volume was finished on September 14th, 1858. It was a happy day with Humboldt, for he had completed his life-long task, and on his eighty-ninth birthday! Never did conqueror receive greater congratulations from so many persons, as he did from his friends.

Varnhagen humorously says:—"To console him on the score of his age, I wrote to Humboldt, that even eighty years may become comparative youth—witness Fontenelle, who, at a hundred, wishing to pick up a lady's fan, and not being able to do it quickly enough, exclaimed regretfully:—"Que n'ai je plus mes quatre vingt ans!"—"Alas, that I have no longer the vigour of eighty!" To which Humboldt replies:—"Heartiest thanks, for having offered me the consolation of the characteristic, and to me uncommon, expression of Fontenelle's; but twenty years are by far too short to see better things."

His best friends were sincerely delighted at the acceptance and popularity of his latest work, and no one appeared more surprised than Humboldt himself. He writes to Varnhagen: "How is it that *Kosmos* has achieved such an unexpected success? Partly, I suppose, from the train of thought which it awakens in the reader's mind, and partly from the flexibility of our German

tongue, which renders word-painting (representing things as they are) so easy."

Some of the letters of Metternich in this volume are highly characteristic; especially one, in which he avers that his own proper taste and bias had always been, not towards politics, but to the study of the natural sciences, had not circumstances drifted him from his desired career. "Le sort m'a éloignée de ce que j'aurais voulu, et il m'a engagé dans la voie que je n'ai point choisie." He speaks of having had an absolute disgust for public affairs, which it had been necessary for him to overcome; but once embarked on that tide, he could now only take scientific studies as a solace, instead of making them the one object of his pursuit.\*

It would have given not only ourselves but the entire Christian world unspeakable satisfaction, to have discovered any mark of the happy influence of genuine religious principle over his mind; but something the reverse of this will often force itself upon those who peruse this Volume. No distinct recognition of the grand realities of Revealed Religion can be discovered in these Letters, nor perhaps in his works at all, with the exception of a passage in his *Kosmos*, eulogizing the Hebrew Writers for their noble descriptions of the works of Nature, which we gladly hail. He speaks of Nature as obedient to the primary impression given to her—"la nature obéissante à une première impulsion donnée,"—and then observes, all beyond the domain of the physical world, and its phenomena, belongs to a class of speculations more exalted—"et appartient à une autre genre des spéculations plus élevées"—but what those more elevated speculations are, he does not define. This is all the proof he cares to give of his THEISM.

Many persons know the value of religion, not so much by the experience of its blessings, as by the painful sense of the calamities that uniformly mark its absence; for they give frequent token that whoever else may have lost happiness, they, at any rate, have not found it. To this remark, the experience of Baron Humboldt offers no contradiction or counterpoise; for under the weight of years, the loss of friends, the frustration of hope and object, and the near approach of eternity, he betrays emotions for which the Gospel would have been the best balm, and the only one. In January, 1858, he says, "I live joyless in my eighty-ninth year, because of the much for which I have striven from my youth, so little has been accomplished." After the death of Von

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\* "Une fois lancée, je me suis soumis sans perdre de vue ce vers quoi portèrent mes inclinations; et il m'est résulté, que ce que j'eusse désiré pouvoir regarder comme le but de ma vie intellectuelle, n'en est devenu que le soulagement." (p. 169.)



Buch, he emphatically adds, "This burial was to *me* a prelude." "C'est comme cela que je serai dimanche"—and in what condition do I leave this world? I, who remember 1789, and have shared its emotions. However, centuries are but seconds in the great development of advancing humanity. Yet the rising curve has small bendings in it; and it is very inconvenient to find one's self on such a segment of its descending portion." Again, after his first seizure, which caused a temporary paralysis, leaving the "gait unsteady," but the mind free, he eloquently, but mournfully subjoins:—

"The nature of my nervous complaint has remained incomprehensible to me. There are magnetic thunderstorms (the Polar light), electrical storms in the clouds, nervous storms in man, strong and weak ones, perhaps only a sheet-lightning, a forerunner of the other. I have had grave thoughts of DEATH; *comme un homme qui part, ayant encore beaucoup de lettres à écrire*. Other interests, that will ever remain alive in me, fix my thoughts in the recollection of yesterday! I believe myself in course of full recovery, but having had to rest much unoccupied in my bed, sadness and discontent with the world have increased with me. This I say only to *you*. Everything around us excites a feeling of shame."

This is his closing testimony to the emptiness of the world; but it says nothing relative to a better hope. Such testimony, we think, is a melancholy farewell.

The last letter but one in this collection, refers to an act of royal courtesy extended to the venerable old man, by our beloved Sovereign. Writing to Varnhagen, the Baron says:—"As you and your gifted niece, Miss Ludmilla, love "*Curiosa*," and, in my patriarchal eye, all shame of self-praise has long since disappeared, I communicate to you a letter from QUEEN VICTORIA; who, through the Princess of Prussia, has asked me for *a few passages in my own handwriting*, from the 'Aspects of Nature,' and from 'Kosmos,' a poetical description of nature." Varnhagen says, "He praised the youthful Princess Victoria, as being not exactly pretty, but as having pleasing and simple manners, and eyes full of soul."

Baron Humboldt died on the sixth day of May, 1859, at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. A few moments before his death, the blinds were opened, and the full blaze of the sun poured into the chamber. "How grand those rays!" he murmured; "they seem to beckon earth to heaven." He closed his eyes, like a wearied child, and slept the long, long sleep. Prince Albert, who presided at the British Association, at Aberdeen, last year, paid a generous tribute to his memory, and

mourned the loss that science had sustained in his removal; adding, that the day on which the Association had met, happened to be the anniversary of the birth of that great man, whose decease all Europe deplored.

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#### IV.

### CORRELATION OF MIND AND BODY.\*

Not long ago there arrived in breathless haste at the capital of Prussia a student from the United States of America, eagerly demanding to be instructed in the philosophy of Hegel. The Berliners are by no means so addicted to ridicule as the inhabitants of Paris, yet they could not forbear a shrug of the shoulder and a quiet smile as they contemplated his impetuosity, and reflected how far he was behind the age—quite as far as America is later than Germany in receiving the rays of the sun. About the time when Hegel was rising in England and America, he was beginning to sink or set in Germany. Hegel was carried away by cholera in 1831; his body lies buried yonder in a quiet sandy church-yard, out of the Ouranienburger gate at Berlin, where, however, the American or any other traveller will not find it so easy to discover his grave, despite of a handsome monument over it, containing a fine medallion bust, with a marked intellectual countenance; for Hegel is quite forgotten by, or rather was never known to, the dwellers and loungers in these quarters. In the social movement of 1848, Hegelianism sounded high its imposing nomenclature and its grand abstractions, but was found utterly unfit for ruling and controlling human nature, which declines being subjected to any such dialectic formulæ. From that time it began to wane, partly in favour of more genial or empirical views, but mainly before a re-action against the whole style of speculation of which it was the perfection—or, as we reckon it, the *reductio ad absurdum*. In Berlin, the student wishing to see the past in the midst of the present, may get an hour's rare amusement by going to hear Professor Michelet, with amazing earnestness and liveliness of manner, demonstrating that all things are different and yet identical—"you and me," "mind and body," "God and the world," "truth and error;" but if he carefully inspect the class he will find

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\* *Contributions to Mental Philosophy, by Immanuel Hermann Fichte. Translated and edited by J. D. MORELL, LL.D. 1860.*

*Mind and Brain; or the Correlations of Consciousness and Organization. By THOMAS LAYCOCK, M.D., F.R.S. Professor of the Practice of Medicine, &c., in the University of Edinburgh. 2 vols. 1860.*

that it numbers only twenty or so; that scarcely any of the youths implicitly believe in the lecturer; that some of them have a droll quizzical look while they listen, and that there is only an earnest big-headed fellow here and there who is seriously pondering if this be sense or nonsense. In the theological department of the same University, Professor Vatke may be heard accounting for the Old Testament upon the ideal-real-historico-development theory of Hegel, but his class is still more easily counted, and sits heavily under him. The American or English student will soon discover that the laborious fervor of the students in Berlin (and of the other German Universities, when he visits them,) flows in far different channels. He will observe among the general students an intense study of philology and the natural sciences, and in the theological classes a most devoted gathering of notes by crowded classes from those professors who expound the Word of God on comparatively orthodox principles; but among the students as a whole, he will not be able to discover a very deep interest in speculative philosophy. Upon making further inquiries, he will find that among those students who do enter in earnest upon the study of philosophy, there is a disposition towards Anti-Hegelian, and especially towards the more realistic and experiential schools. If now he turn from the Universities to look upon the general community, he will soon perceive that the German public never did feel much interest in the higher metaphysics. In Deutschland, the reading public is not nearly so large as in this country, and all books of a high order are not only written by scholars, but exclusively for scholars. Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, were never much known in Germany, except among theologians and other men of learning, and it was only through these—as they went forth into their parishes or other fields of labour—that they have had influence (which, however, in this indirect way was very great) over the people. And now, over the country generally, there is a strong reaction against the *à priori* style of speculation. First, there is an influential school giving itself over to a wretched empiricism. Thus we find Vogt and Moleschott writing small treatises to show that the whole wondrous appearances of the universe can be accounted for by matter and force; and their ephemeral publications are extensively read and relished by large classes of the community—such as physicians and schoolmasters—who have been drifted away from the Bible by the neological critics. Among the reading public of Germany generally, there is a profound indifference to all such speculations. Evangelical Christians avoid them as fitted to lead to infidelity, and practical men turn away from them as never having led to any utilitarian result. No book on philosophy, published in Germany in these days, could have such a sale as Mansel's Bampton Lectures have had in our country. In this land of ours, all averse though it is supposed to be to philosophy, Hamilton's Reid is stereotyped; and Hamilton's Discussions, Whewell's Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, Thomson's Outlines of the Laws of Thought, and Mill's Logic, have all reached a



second, third, or fourth edition—a stage seldom or never reached by a German work. This condition of things in Germany is to be grieved over, and not to be rejoiced in by thoughtful minds. For, as intellects of a higher order cannot be kept from speculating, it is certain that if a country has not a good philosophy, it will assuredly have a bad one. Materialism of a refined character branching off from the physiologists of the school of Schelling, and from the extreme left of the school of Hegel, has numerous adherents among the finer spirits of the country, while the more animal men, who drink beer and waltz in the dancing gardens, are greedily devouring the same doctrine in the grosser form of “Stoff and Kraft.”

In giving this account of the reaction against the higher metaphysics, we would not leave the impression that philosophy has disappeared from the German soil. The speculations of Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, Schleiermacher, Schelling, and Hegel, have twined themselves round the higher thought, the language and literature of the country, round indeed its very poetry and legislation, and can never be separated from them. There is still an immense amount of activity, ability, and learning devoted to the service of philosophy, without, however, awakening that profound interest which the bold speculatists did thirty years ago. Dr. Trendelenburg, of Berlin, has considerably large classes, and is listened to with profound attention, while scattered over Germany we have such men as the historians of philosophy, Ritter and Brandis, and as the metaphysicians, Erdmann, Ulrici, and Chalybaeus, writing books, so many that it would require a lifetime to read them. In particular, there is great attention paid to psychology, some prosecuting it more in the mathematical style of the school of Herbart, and others labouring to connect it with physiology and the study of the vital forces, of the nervous system, and the soul of the lower animals. In particular, we have an intensely active and voluminous writer in the younger Fichte. We propose giving a passing notice to a little work of his lately translated into pleasing and graceful English by Dr. Morell.

Immanuel Hermann Fichte is the son of the famous Johann Gottlieb Fichte, who acted so important a part in the higher philosophic speculation which ran its course, for good and for evil, towards the end of the last century and the first half of this. He has not the daring speculative genius, nor the high impulsive character of his father, and will certainly never influence speculation as he did. On the other hand, the younger pays more regard to observation; he disavows all Pantheism, and delights everywhere to avow his deep belief in a personal God, in a special Providence, and in Christianity. Immanuel Hermann was born in 1797. He received his academic education at Berlin, where he eagerly studied philology. He tells us, in the book under review, that in the formation of his philosophic opinions he received impressions from his own father, from Kant, Jacobi, Fries, Schleiermacher, Steffens, Schelling, and Oken. In 1832, he began himself to publish on philosophic topics. About 1836, he was appointed Professor of Philosophy in Bonn, whence he

was removed to Tübingen in 1842. For the last twenty-eight years, he has been issuing one work after another, some of them very small and others hugely bulky, and he is a constant contributor to the "Zeitschrift für Philosophie," of which he is one of the editors, the others being Wirth and Ulrici. The work before us is styled a "Philosophical Confession," and gives a *résumé* and general defence of the theories advanced and conclusions reached in his "Antropologie," and others of his more elaborate works.\*

It was while he was Professor at Bonn that he had among his auditors young Mr. Morell, who has now translated this work of his old master. And here we are tempted to say a word in regard to Mr. now Dr. Morell. He came all at once into notice when he published his "History of Modern Speculative Philosophy." We set a high value on this work, for what it is in itself, and for what it has done for philosophy in this country. No doubt it does not do justice to the British school of thinkers—in this respect it is but an echo of the utterances of the German metaphysicians; and it talks a little too enthusiastically of what German speculation and M. Cousin have done. But Dr. Morell may claim the credit of being the first to translate the German philosophy into intelligible English; and he has thus brought considerable riches of thought to many who were not in circumstances to go and seek for it in the original mines. Many of those who admired and enjoyed his History of Philosophy, were grieved exceedingly when they found him rushing so prematurely into theological discussions for which he was not prepared. His "Philosophy of Religion," is a confused book, and is, at best, a reproduction of Schleiermacher, with some incongruous elements added from the Eclectic school of Cousin. There is the same unsoundness and confusion in his lectures on the "Philosophie Tendences of the Age." At a later date we have had his "Psychology," and his small but very excellent compends of Logic and Grammar. In his Psychology, following too implicitly the Schelling and Hegelian idealists, and the physiologists who were influenced by them, he tells us, without proof—"In proportion as metaphysics have broken down the ESSENTIAL DISTINCTION BETWEEN MIND AND MATTER, the way has been

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\* While we write we have before us the following works of the younger Fichte:—"Sätze zur Vorschule der Theologie" (1826); "Ueber Gegensatz Wendepunct und Ziel heutiger Philosophie" (1832); "Religion und Philosophie in ihrem gegenwärtigen Verhältniss" (1834); "Ueber die Bedingungen eines speculativen Theismus" (1835); "De Principiorum Contradictionis, Identitatis, Exclusionis Tertii in Logiceis Dignitate" (1840); "Beiträge Zur Characteristik der neueren Philosophie" (1841); "Ueber die christliche und antichristliche Speculation der Gegenwart" (1842); "Ueber den Gegenwärtigen Standpunct der Philosophie" (1843); "Grundzüge zum Systeme der Philosophie" (3 Theile, 1846-47); "Grundsätze für die Philosophie der Zukunft" (1847); "Die Republik in Monarchismus;" "Einige Grundzüge zum Entwurfe der Künftigen Deutschen Reichsverfassung" (1848); "Die Idee der Persönlichkeit und der individuellen Fortdauer" (1855); "Anthropologie" (1856); "Ueber der Unterschied zwischen ethischen und naturalistischen Theismus" (1857); "Zur Seelenfrage" (1859). Surely this is a proof of the industry of the Teutonic mind.

paved for the acceptance of the fundamental *homogeneity of all vital and psychical processes*, as well as their derivation from one Infinite mind, as the source and *substance* of all creation."\* We scarcely expect to have from Dr. Morell a very comprehensive or profound original work on philosophy; but he is greatly capable of receiving and reflecting from his own soul what is high and noble in others, and of expressing it in perspicuous and flowing language. In particular, we thank him for translating this work of the younger Fichte, and for the clear account which he has given of the drift of the work in the Preface.

Turning to Fichte's "Seelenfrage," we find it dealing chiefly with the relations between Soul and Body, and the questions thence arising. He maintains that the soul is not unextended, that it is a space-forming and space-taking-in existence; that it is in all points of the whole existing bodily organism; that it builds for itself the body according to its own properties—in all of which assertions he has met with a formidable opponent in Lotze.† Fichte is for ever appealing to facts; very frequently to abnormal facts, such as mesmerism, spiritual *media*, visions, and *clairvoyance*, which have been so abused by pretenders, and so overlooked by metaphysicians. But the work, as a whole, is not conducted on the rigidly scientific principles of the Baconian logic. It is at best a speculation, in which facts are drawn in to support a theory which is ingenious throughout, and in some parts of which there may, *for aught I know* (as Butler would say,) be some truth, but which is not substantiated by a basis of facts sufficient to bear the superstructure reared. He asserts everywhere the doctrine of a personal God, and of a personal human soul; but he lands himself—I believe logically, according to his hypothesis—in the eternal pre-existence of the individual soul. "The idea, accordingly, of an eternal pre-existence even of the individual creature has become necessary to the facts already before us" (p. 153). It seems at least to be necessary to the hypothesis which he brings to explain the facts, and this we reckon as a confutation of the whole hypothesis—it leads necessarily to preposterous consequences. His father and the old ideal Pantheists would have found no difficulty in giving a place to this idea of an eternal pre-existence in their systems, for they would have made it an existence in God. But what sort of existence can the younger Fichte give to this eternally pre-existing soul when he makes it individual and personal? This is one of the incongruities which are ever cropping out in this work—as well as in that of Dr. Laycock; they would take up the Pantheistic views of nature and the soul, and yet refuse the Pantheism to which they logically lead. Fichte adds, in explanation, "Whether this pre-existence consists merely in the form of ideal thoughts—or whether it includes some conceivable reality *beyond* the ideas—this question

\* See page 78, with the doubtful portions put by us in italics.

† See a clear account of the controversy in the last number of the "Zeitschrift für Philosophie."



obviously transcends the limits of human investigation." This is an ingenious way of getting rid of difficulties (not in nature itself, but) created by himself. It would have been better if he had acknowledged that the whole speculation which conducts him to such a conclusion belongs to the same region, lying beyond human intelligence.

The transition from Fichte's work to that of Dr. Laycock is easy. Dr. Laycock treats of the very same subject, and has drunk deeply into the spirit of the physiologists who have been influenced by the idealism of the school of Schelling and of the Left of Hegel. He tells us he has been speculating on the relations of mind and body for the last thirty years. He had given us hints and precursors of his views in papers published in various medical journals. We are glad that we have now a full exposition of his method, of his co-ordination of facts, and of his theories, in these two elaborate volumes. The public is now in circumstances to determine what is true, what is unsatisfactory, and mystical, and confused speculation, in the thoughts that have long been working in his mind. He has first a dissertation on "Method," which has some good remarks, and embraces interesting statements of scientific facts, but bears no marks of the comprehensiveness of mind and the prescience of a Bacon. He has then a discussion on "Metaphysics," in which he shows that he has been reading Kant, Hamilton, Mill, and Whewell, and lost himself in the ingenuities of Ferrier, without being able to come out with a masterly or consistent system. Then follows a disquisition on "Mental Dynamics, or Teleology," in which the accomplished author sets before us a most instructive series of facts, brought together from the latest science, but in which there is a great confusion of thought; for example, in confounding Dynamics with Teleology, or force with final cause. In the second volume, we have the "Principles of Scientific Psychology," in which we have the results of much reading and ingenious reflection, but an incapacity of distinguishing between the physical or vital actions that call forth mental states, and the mental states themselves, such as emotions, ideas, desires, determinations. The two last parts, on the "Principles of Mental Physiology," and the "Principles of Mental Ogranography," we regard (though we rather think he does not) as the most valuable parts of the work, as he is here able to bring his extensive physiological reading and observation to bear on the parts of the frame most intimately connected with mental action. But throughout the whole work there is a mixture of metaphysical and physical discussions, of theistic and pantheistic elements, which will not coalesce, and his enunciations of laws in his high generalizations are of so vague a character that they may be twisted into a dozen forms to explain a fact, according to a hypothesis which is not sustained by either physiological or psychological data sufficient to bear it up. We cannot, within our limits, discuss the whole of the innumerable questions treated of in the volumes of these two authors. We select two of the most important:—

I. ARE THERE UNCONSCIOUS MENTAL OPERATIONS?—The idea that there are such was first introduced into modern speculation by Leibnitz, who connected it with his fanciful monadical theory. It was eagerly seized by certain of the great Pantheists of Germany, who supposed that the Divine Power or Idea awoke to consciousness according to certain laws. This prepared the way for the doctrine that the human soul had first an unconscious or preconscious, and then a conscious state; and that still many of its acts are unconscious. The doctrine has been adopted by some who would rescue it from all alliance with Pantheism. The younger Fichte adopts it; but in tracing back this action he is obliged to give the soul some sort of existence *à priori* and eternal. The late Sir William Hamilton promulgated it in those lectures on metaphysics which have lately been published. It constitutes an essential part of the theory of Dr. Laycock. Dr. Carpenter has so far sanctioned it as to speak of an 'unconscious cerebration,' the result of mental action. There is a body of facts which may be urged in behalf of this view. There are great truths which these facts abundantly support. We shall endeavour first to explain briefly what we conceive to be true doctrine, and this will enable us to shake off certain extravagances which are running away at the present moment with some of our more advanced physiologists and psychologists.

(1.) We hold it to be certain that the soul from the very first is endowed with certain powers and tendencies. Even matter has such capacities, which lead to action and changes of state when the needful conditions are fulfilled. Thus every piece of matter attracts every other, and bodies have all a certain chemical affinity one towards another. The soul certainly has original properties, which come forth into action according to these laws. In all this, however, there is no action, but simply a capacity of action. At this point we have no unconscious action. Fichte seems to confound these *à priori* powers or regulative principles of the mind, of which we are certainly not conscious, with the actions that proceed from them, and of which we are conscious.

(2.) The mind, by action, is ever acquiring and laying up power, capacity, tendency. We have something analogous in physical nature. Advanced natural science tells us, that in the old geological ages, the plants, in drinking in the sunbeams, acquired a stock of power which went down with them into the earth as they sank in it, which abides in the coal which they helped to form, and is now ready to burst out into flame and heat in our fires, and to exhibit itself in mechanical power in our steam-engines. There seems to be a sort of analogous storing up of power as the result of mental action. In doing an act, we have acquired a greater capacity, along with a tendency to do it again. Thus it is that we are, all our lives long, and on every day of them, acquiring powers, tendencies, inclinations, habits, dispositions for good or for evil, which are to abide with us and influence us years hence or for ever. What is once done, and especially what is repeatedly done, leaves its trace on the

soul, and may burst out in deeds long, long after. This is certainly one of the elements which gives its awful powers to habit. It is one of the regulating principles in the reproduction of our mental states generally, and particularly in the association of ideas. Ideas which have been together simultaneously, or the one immediately after the other, have a power and a tendency to come up together, and this in proportion to the mental energy which has been expended in producing them, and under this to the frequency with which they have been together. But let it be carefully observed, that in all this we have not come in sight of unconscious mental action. The mental action was conscious at every stage, and we are responsible for it throughout. It is only of the power acquired that we are unconscious, and this only so long as it does not come forth into action. Those who were present at the Great Exhibition of 1851, can never witness the same scene again; they have laid up the power of recalling it; but when it is recalled it is in consciousness. Sir W. Hamilton, in arguing that mental reproduction implies unconscious action, seems to confound this unconscious, acquired power, with unconscious acts.

(3.) The mind may act on the body, or on the forces—mechanical, chemical, or vital—in the body. It is very probable, in particular, that psychical action in man and beast may have an effect on nervous action, and throw it upon the organism,—say on its form or shape. Materialistic physiologists represent high mental capacity, as resulting from a large or finely-constructed organism. The more probable theory is, that a high organism results from lofty mental capacity and activity. It is not the casket that forms the jewel, but it is the jewel that determines the size and shape of the casket. The high organism thus produced may, in man and in the lower animals, go down by the ordinary law of transmission from parent to offspring. It is thus that in certain of the West India Islands, we can tell by examining the size of the heads of a particular tribe of negroes, when their forefathers were transported from Africa. But let it be observed that in all this the mental action is conscious throughout. It is only the bodily effect of which we are unconscious.

We have not space to work out these truths to their consequences. They imply far-ranging results, mental and organic. But these are not the precise doctrines set forth by those whose opinions we are reviewing. Not satisfied with native powers, and acquired powers, and bodily effects, which are all unconscious, they insist that there is a mental activity of which we are not conscious. They are not agreed among themselves as to what the nature of this action is. According to Pantheists it is the Divine Idea working. Sir W. Hamilton supposes it to be action of the individual soul, but cannot allow that it is intelligent thought; for, according to him, "consciousness is the universal condition of intelligence." But, according to Fichte and Laycock, it is thought, and the highest kind of



thought,—it is the thought that constructs the bees' cells on mathematical principles, which bursts out in the highest products of genius,—artistic, literary, and philosophic, and gives birth even to inspiration. As to brute instinct, we shall have occasion to return to the subject. In regard to genius, we account for it on far different principles: we explain it by high native mental endowment, and by mental laws, often stimulated into high action by a peculiar nervous temperament. We really have no proof that prior to Rubens painting the "Descent from the Cross," at Antwerp, or Shakespeare writing Hamlet, there was unconscious mental action. There were lofty original gifts in both, and also a training, which left their effects; but when these came forth into action, we apprehend that painter and poet were quite conscious of them, though they might not have been able to give a metaphysical analysis of them.

As to the ordinary phenomena, which these men would explain by latent action, we account for them on much clearer and more certain principles. It seems to us that we are, at the time, momentarily conscious of all our mental actions, but that it has been mercifully provided that we do not remember them all, and are not capable, in ordinary circumstances, of recalling every one of them. Can the reader of this article tell what he was thinking at the same hour a year ago, or a month ago, or a week ago, or a day ago. Unless peculiar circumstances occurred at these times to fix his attention, he will find that he cannot. Yet he was no doubt conscious of what passed through his mind at the moment. How often does it happen, that we cannot tell what we were thinking of an hour before, or a minute before; though if we had been called specially to reflect on our thoughts, we should have found that we were conscious of them all the while. We walk home of an evening from a friend's house, in a *brown study*. In order to our reaching our dwelling, there must have been a number of mental acts involved, as we threaded our way along the possibly complicated road. Next morning we remember the topics gone over in the reverie, but have forgot the acts of will guiding the members of the body. But we venture to affirm, that at the time we were conscious of both; that we were conscious of the guiding volitions, and that we should have seen this, and acknowledged this, and remembered it, had there been any thing to call our attention to it. But as all was the result of long-acquired habit, and no interest or feeling gathered round it, it has passed into oblivion; whereas, there may have been something pleasing or exciting in the mental ideas, and some of them may yet rise up before the mind when we wish to recal them.

II. WHAT ARE THE CORRELATIONS OF MIND AND BODY? In regard to this subject we are in possession of curious facts upon which there has been reared an immense amount of rash speculation.

Fichte maintains that the soul possesses extension, and would in this way account for our necessary space perceptions. But it is surely just as supposable that the mind unextended in itself is so

constituted as to localise the bodily organs, and to know them as extended. We are glad to find Dr. Morell separating himself from Fichte on this point.

Physical science has of late years established the doctrine of the "Correlation of the Physical Forces," a doctrine which was beautifully stated and illustrated by Grove. We have a most interesting account of the latest discoveries on this subject by Dr. Laycock.

"Some of the experimental illustrations of the convertability of forces into motion (and, consequently, of the indestructability of force as to quantity,) which Liebig quotes, are very interesting and conclusive. 'It has been established experimentally, that 13,500 blows of a hammer weighing 10 pounds, falling on a bar of iron from the height of one foot, produce an amount of heat sufficient to raise one pound of water from the freezing point to that of ebullition. This fact may be represented in another way, by saying that 1350 cwt. of water falling from a height of one foot, will raise the temperature of one pound of water from freezing to the boiling point; or, in other words, that this amount of heat corresponds to a working-power capable of elevating 13½ cwt. to the height of one foot. It has been found that the same amount of electricity, which, when converted into heat by the resistance of the conductor, raises by one degree the temperature of one pound of water, generates a magnetic force capable of elevating a weight of 13½ cwt. to the height of one foot. Again, it has been proved by careful experiments, that the same amount of electricity will produce, by the decomposition of water, so much hydrogen as will, by its combustion, raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree. In vital processes the same law is manifested.' 'The force set free during the changes in the blood and tissues, upon which the fundamental phenomena of life depend, is convertible, not only into motion, but also into heat, electricity, magnetism, and chemical affinity.'"—Vol. i. pp. 227, 228.

Such discoveries have tempted Dr. Laycock to endeavour to trace a like correlation between the vital and the mental forces, and to leap to the conclusion that physical, vital, and mental action are modifications of one actively adapted force, and that the mind is to be studied by observing the brain and nervous system.

He complains keenly of the attempt to study the laws of mind by internal consciousness, and of the separation of psychology from physiology, and expects immediate and mighty results from the union of the two. Now, in regard to this, we maintain that the conscious mind must always be mainly studied by the consciousness which alone can look directly on its workings. By the senses and the sciences which use the information which they furnish, we can know what shapes are, and weights are, and forces are; but it is only by consciousness that we can know what sensations are, and perceptions are, and beliefs are, and judgments are, and necessary convictions are, and emotions are, and wishes are, and determinations are. All these can best be ascertained by the immediate introspection of the internal sense, always along with the products of mental action in the words and deeds of men. Again, we believe that most branches of physiology will be most effectually prosecuted by the majority of its votaries without their troubling themselves much with psychology. A man may look through a microscope very successfully, and watch the changes of tissues and nervous action, without being a profound metaphysician. In the hands of ordinary psychologists and

physiologists, the two may go on contemporaneously, and side by side, but independent of each other. Let such men as the late Sir W. Hamilton investigate the laws of mind, and such men as Bois de Raymond, Kölliker, and Carpenter, investigate the laws of the nervous system and brain, and both parties will be rewarded by a certain measure of success. At the same time we freely admit that much light will be thrown on both when the two sciences are ready to combine their scattered rays. From time to time there will arise a person fitted to engage in both branches of inquiry, and he too may be successful, provided he does not speculate beyond his facts. But before we can get anything like a full theory of the correlation of mind and body, there must be progress made in the study of each taken separately. It was only after a long course of investigation in regard to mechanical force, chemical force, and electric and magnetic and heat force, that they were shown to be correlated. Farther, those who would seek to combine them must know thoroughly the separate phenomena of mind and body, and the method of observation peculiar to each. Without this double capacity and attainment, great blunders will be committed. What ridiculous mistakes, for instance, did writers in the medical journals of London and Edinburgh fall into when they wrote about the Irish Revival of last summer? They ascribed it to hysteria, and found that they could not define hysteria, which is a vague word, embracing a variety of processes, all very complex. They talked about sympathy, but never tried to give an account of sympathy as a mental affection, or scientifically to trace its effects on the body. Not one of them showed that he had ever set himself to consider how mental feeling, how fear, sense of sin, peace, joy, work on the bodily organism. Such men would have been more appropriately employed in looking through their microscopes on objects really before them, than in speculating on matters which had not fallen under their notice, and in which deep religious feelings were working with pathological consequences. And now we are in danger of physiologists, eminent in their own department, endeavouring to explain the whole wondrous and varied phenomena of the mind by nervous action. Dr. Laycock tells us, that "mind and its laws can only be known through the phenomena of life and its laws," and that the "brain and nervous system are the proper subject-matter of a true science of mind."\* We maintain that a man might study the brain and nervous system for a lifetime, and never come near the leading phenomena of mind—say its mathematical or other necessary judgments, the perception of moral good, or the adoration of God.

We believe that every part of God's works in the knowable Cosmos is related to every other. This has been long known and acknowledged in regard to the bodies in the universe; atom is related to atom, planet to earth, and sun to sun. It is now shown, too, that forces have a relation to each other, which does not prove, however,



we beg to say, that these forces are identical. We regard it as certain that soul and body are nicely adapted to each other by Him who gave to each its powers and activities. We never could see the least plausibility in the doctrine of Descartes and Leibnitz, that they cannot act immediately on each other. But all this does not even tend to prove that mind and body, that mechanical, vital, and mental forces are one and the same. Let us remark how little we know of the vital forces,—say of life in the plant or in the animal. It is the very vagueness of our knowledge in regard to life, that has tempted so many German speculators to explain all things, including mind, by it. Yet to explain mind by life, is not to explain the *ignotum per ignotius*, but the *notum per ignotum*. For of mind we do know something; we know it immediately as doing such acts as thinking, feeling, approving, disapproving; and logic has discovered some of the laws of thought, ethics some of the laws of our moral nature, and metaphysics some of the laws of our intuitions. There is proof that mind and body are adapted to each other, but there is no proof that the mental force is correlated to the physical forces, as these last are to each other. It is quite true, that the power laid up in coal, when it is lost to the coal, goes out into mechanical steam, or some other force. But when the lion dies, will Dr. Laycock say that the soul of the animal is manifested in some other form, or in what form? Such a plain case as this, shows that there is a great hiatus in the extension of this theory beyond the departments in which it has been established by rigid induction. And then I never can believe that the burning zeal of the patriot, that the self-sacrifice of the hero or heroine in high or in humble life, that the determined fight against temptation and sin in the heart of the Christian, and the love of God which he cherishes, are correlated with heat or mechanical force as these are correlated with each other. Dr. Laycock, in asserting that they are, is overlooking and omitting the very peculiarities of the mental phenomena.

Dr. Laycock's book is full of intensely interesting facts, drawn from the latest discoveries in physical and physiological science. It may be read with profit by many who will not concur with all his speculations, or be able to see how his facts support his theory. It is characterised throughout by an elevated moral tone, and it is quite clear that he looks on all his hypotheses as quite consistent with a lofty spiritual Christianity. But his enunciation of laws is commonly of a most mystical character. He has got vague glimpses of real truth, but he has not properly caught it, nor formularised it, and he confounds a great diversity of things under certain very wide laws and high-sounding names. We see this very particularly exhibited in the explanation which he is giving of all things by Ideas, Cause, Final Cause, Life, and Force. He tells us, very properly, that the entire scheme or plan of the universe is "the Idea of the Designer," and then, "that in the grand scheme of creation, and in all its subordinate and infinitely varying details, the ideas themselves are the causal agents—i.e. the immediate antecedents of the phe-

nomena;" and then, "that mind is the final cause of those phenomena," and "the final cause of order in creation;" adding, "it may be the *Fate* of the Atheist, the God of the Theist, the Fetish of the savage—still the same great truth can be traced through all." "This is what is termed Mind. Mind is the 'universal element' in our cognition of both the physical and the vital forces, and consequently of all the known forces of creation;" and adds, "Mind is the First Cause;" "mind is the final cause of all phenomena, and therefore of the physical forces themselves; motion and order are thought in act;"—"the primary cause of all the phenomena of creation is the transference of force to ends." To explain this and everything else, he calls in "a law of design," an "adaptive power," "a great teleiotic principle," and tells us, that "all the vital processes of organisms, whether vegetative, instinctive, or mental, are necessarily prescient in their nature. The teleiotic idea of the future is well manifested in all stages of development, for organs are developed (as lungs in the mammalia) in anticipation of the needs of the organism;" and then, rising from life to soul, he thus explains the love of the sexes:—"the second desire is that to continue the species in time and space,—a desire to correlate the unity of Life and Organisation in time and space." To account for the love of heaven, he enounces such laws as that, "unity and perfection correlate each other."\*

Such wide but indefinite expressions as these may mean something, anything, or nothing. There was undoubtedly an idea or plan of the world in the Divine Mind, but this cannot with propriety be described as a cause of all phenomena. Surely, Dr. Laycock would not represent the plan which the architect has of a building, as the cause of its actual erection. It is the forth-putting of the Divine Power according to the Idea which is, properly speaking, the First Cause. In the execution of this work, the Divine Being uses instruments, or physical causes; it is the proper business of the ordinary physical inquirer to discover what these are by a process of induction. In these vague statements, there is a confounding of the first and final cause, and a confounding of the physical and final cause, which have been carefully distinguished by Aristotle, by Bacon, and by all accurate thinkers. The Divine Being has so correlated the physical agents that they work together to produce an End, or Final Cause. This End, or Final Cause, can often be discovered, and the evident correlation of the agents producing it, is a proof of the existence of a pre-arranging, designing mind. In vegetable and animal physiology, the discovery of the Final Cause is one of the objects aimed at, and when discovered, it helps to further the general study of the organism. But the idea of this end, and the nice adaptation of the forces, mechanical, chemical, and vital, to produce them, is not—as the Pantheists, followed by Dr.

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\* See vol. i., pp. 273; 212, 213; 222-226; and 272. Vol. ii., pp. 201; 36; 121; 132.

Laycock, maintain—in the forces themselves, but in the Divine Mind. Dr. Laycock speaks of all these—Force, Life, Design, Final Cause—as being mental. But in what mind, we ask? Those from whom he has borrowed this sort of view and representation, could give, if not a correct, yet an intelligible answer:—being Pantheists, they said “in the Divine Mind,” identified by them with the mechanical, chemical, vital, and mental powers, which they supposed to be capable of having a final cause, first unconsciously, and then consciously. But Dr. Laycock, who is no Pantheist, can give no satisfactory reply; and as he attempts to give one, loses himself in vague expressions about design being in the force, and mind being in the force, and life being identical with mind.

In consequence of this mystic confusion, he imagines that he explains many things which he does not explain. He imagines that he has explained Instinct:—“Instinct, in the largest meaning of the term, must be taken as the energizing of the vital forces to ends (vol. ii. p. 40). Hence (?) wool, hair, feathers, down, &c. are developed variously, in various animals, or fat is deposited immediately beneath the derma on the approach of winter. In the hibernating animals, the instinct to provide against cold is developed presciently, and winter dwellings are constructed.” Now, we reckon it the office of Dr. Laycock, as a professed physiologist, to detect the particular physical causes by which wool, feather, down, are produced. To refer it to a vague adaptive or prescient force, is to fall into the error which Bacon denounced, when he told physical inquirers that they must not be satisfied with showing that the final cause of the eyebrows was to keep the perspiration from falling down on the eyes, but they must seek to determine the efficient causes of the production of the hairs constituting the eyebrows. Dr. Laycock, too, so far as he affects to be a psychologist, should try to discover what is the exact mental state of the animal, when it proceeds to provide a dwelling against cold, of which it cannot know that it is to come months after. If he had done either of these, he would have found what were the agencies employed by the Divine Mind to accomplish its purposes, and would have exposed to our view that fitness of independent things which argues a Designer. But having never attempted either of these, he has, in fact, explained nothing, but has deluded himself with some sort of loose appeal to a teleioteic idea in the forces, and has missed the evidence thereby furnished of design in the Creator.

The closing Part, on Mental Organology, treats of the subjects which fall more especially under the immediate care of the physiologist. He has given us a series of important facts, but they do not bear out the wide generalizations of the previous Parts. He has given us the latest discoveries of physiology as to nervous action, and the organs at the base of the brain. We must here, however, give it as our opinion that these generalizations of physiologists about *reflex* action, must undergo a revision, which may end in a more accurate statement of the law. The observations of the Polish



physiologist Owsjannikow and others show that many of these so-called *reflex* actions are truly direct, being conducted by a series of nervous filaments running in different directions, and that the term *diastaltic*, proposed by Dr. Marshall Hall, would be the more accurate. Dr. Laycock thinks that the *medulla oblongata* is the centre of co-ordinated sensations, or at least the seat of the corporeal feeling of pleasure or pain. When Dr. Laycock comes to the cerebrum proper, he is able to throw no new light on its functions; and, in comparison with his previous grand theories, his statements read tame and meagre. All that seems known of the brain is, that the grey matter is more immediately connected with intellectual action, while the white matter seems to be transmissive in its function. He comes to a lame and impotent enough conclusion, when, as the issue of his whole elaborate processes, he lands himself in the old phrenological systems of Gall and Spurzheim, which indeed made a noise thirty years ago, when he began his researches, but will not be accepted as an explanation of the full facts of our nature by any later physiologist or psychologist.

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V.

LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITERS.

“He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch!  
Cold, and yet cheerful; messenger of grief,  
Perhaps, to thousands, and of joy to some;  
To him indifferent whether grief or joy;  
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,  
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet  
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks  
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,  
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,  
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect  
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.”

COWPER'S *Task*.

THAT which railroads and steamboats have effected for our bodies, the penny-post has achieved for our minds. It has given thought an impetus our ancestors never dreamt of; hopes, wishes, ideas, become winged messengers, and speed on their several missions like carrier-pigeons. It has done something towards annihilating space and time, and facilitated a stream of sweet communion between those who, a little while back, were too poor and too far apart to have more than a few interchanges of thought in the year.

In the days of Erasmus, we are told, “various circumstances contributed to render epistolary intercourse a favourite practice with

scholars. Destitute of those helps which a ready access to books now affords, they were anxious to observe the progress of each other, and eager to profit by the attainments of the most successful; yet, while the expense, the difficulty, and even insecurity of passing from one country to another rendered their personal intercourse very unfrequent, almost their only means of communication was by letter. But, from the want of posts, this mode of intercourse was very uncertain; and if they missed the opportunity of occasional couriers, they could transmit their letters only by the expensive conveyance of special messengers. Hence they were anxious to crowd into a single letter a multiplicity of observations, to draw forth by their questions a variety of information, and to introduce such specimens of their own ingenuity and erudition as might excite the admiration of their correspondents. Sometimes a letter contained the discussion of a whole controversy."\*

Somewhat different from such epistles are the notes and letters that fly from hand to hand through the penny post. We should look rather blank at the receipt of a packet which, from its weight and bulk, appeared likely to contain a whole controversy—unless through the book post, which authors and editors find so cheap and convenient. We have, in fact, exchanged discourses for dialogues: the answers to our inquiries are so easily received that we sum up what we have to ask, and tell it in as few words as possible. As in all great changes, something has been lost as well as gained. We think less before we write than when thoughts were exchanged less easily. Practice gives readiness; what we have learnt to do without trouble, we gradually do without thinking, and perhaps finish by doing negligently. We multiply our engagements, and then perform them in a slovenly manner. How often does a letter fulfil the promise to the eye, and break it to the heart! The writer unconcernedly reflected that it would only cost a penny; but that was a mistake—it has cost pain; it has left an opportunity unimproved, and a void unsupplied.

One of the earliest letters on record is that of a woman: it was short, distinct, and very much to the purpose; but be not elated, ladies!—it was written by Queen Jezebel. Other and better queens have written well; that is a fine spirited letter which Jeanne d'Albret wrote to Cardinal d'Armagnac. Queen Elizabeth was heavy at the pen; Henrietta Maria spelt badly; Mary of Modena, without being witty or well-informed, knew how to express resignation and tenderness. Some of Pliny's letters are delightful; so are some of Sir Thomas More's. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's have a wit and sense peculiar to themselves; the same may be said of those of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, notwithstanding their flippancy and pedantry. Mrs. Delany chronicled the doings of royalty like a loyal old lady. Hannah More, whether gay or grave, was sure to be sparkling or sensible. Fanny Burney's narrative-letters in the hey-day of young

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\* Jortin.

spirits, were more charming than any of her novels. Miss Edgeworth is said to have been a voluminous letter-writer, but her letters do not find their way into print,—they were *really* “for the post, and not for the press.” Perhaps there are few published letters which one would have received with more pleasure than those of Sir Walter Scott to Joanna Baillie. They are sound, wholesome, and cordial; he turns up fresh mould for her, and if he comes to a coin or a flower-root, she is equally welcome to it. Labouring letters are terrible; no one wants to receive a theme; but a desire to improve the passing moment may be combined with an unaffected desire to amuse. It is something to call forth a gay, unbidden laugh in some dull, lonely home, where cheerfulness from without seldom comes: it is yet more to speak some word in season that shall be recurred to with reviving trust in some sad, silent watch of the night. Do not let your pen be the quill of a goose.

Jane Taylor, with her usual neatness, touches upon the grand pitfall of correspondents—egotism.

“Whene’er from home Matilda has to go,  
With the same theme her letters overflow;  
Sheet after sheet in rapid course she sends,  
Brimful and crossed, and written at both ends,  
About her journey, visits, feelings, friends;  
Still, still the same;—or, if her friend had cast,  
Down in a modest postscript in her last,  
Some line, which to transactions may refer  
Of vital consequence, perhaps, to her—  
Matilda, in reply, just scrawls, you know,  
Along that slip on which the seal must go,  
‘I’m glad, or grieved, to hear of so-and-so.’”\*

Consolatory letters are the most difficult to write; because all consolation is valueless which we have not tested ourselves. Pliny says pathetically of a friend he had lost,—“Tell me not that he was old, that he was infirm, that we all must die—all this I know, and have been told already! Send me some new and unexpected sources of consolation.” How new and unexpected they would have proved had his correspondent been a Christian!

Style is the voice in which thought speaks; and what we conceive clearly, we may always plainly express. “Persons who do not feel what they write,” said Miss Edgeworth, “always pitch their expressions too high or too low.” Where there is a real obligation to write, “I have nothing to say,” is a poor excuse. Let us take trouble to think and to feel that our friend is subject to like affections and interests with ourselves, and we shall find some object of sympathy that will cost us less effort to discuss than is uncomplainingly made during the formalities of a morning visit.

We will now proceed from saws to instances; including some that now appear in print for the first time. We will begin, however,

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\* Essays in Rhyme.



with a charming sketch of a Roman girl of fourteen, given in a letter from Pliny to Marcellinus :—

“ I write this to you under the utmost oppression of sorrow. The youngest daughter of my friend Fundanus is dead ! Never, surely, was there a more agreeable, more amiable young creature, or one who better deserved to enjoy a long, I had almost said an immortal life ! She was scarcely fourteen, and yet had all the wisdom and discretion of a matron, combined with youthful sweetness and virgin modesty. With what engaging fondness did she behave to her father ! how kindly and respectfully receive his friends ! how affectionately treat all those who, in their respective offices, had the care of her education ! She employed much of her time in reading, in which she discovered great strength of judgment : she indulged herself in few diversions, and those with much caution. With what forbearance, with what patience did she endure her last illness ! She complied with all the directions of the physicians, she cheered her father and sister, and when her bodily strength was quite exhausted, still supported herself by the vigour of her mind. That, indeed, continued to her last moments, unbroken by the pain of a long illness or by the terrors of approaching death : and the reflection makes her loss so much the more to be lamented. A loss infinitely severe ! and more so from the particular conjuncture at which it happened. She was contracted to a most amiable young man ; the wedding-day was fixed, and we were all invited. How sad a change, from the highest joy to the deepest sorrow ! I cannot express what I felt when I heard Fundanus himself (as grief is ever finding out circumstances to aggravate its melancholy) ordering the money he had designed to lay out upon clothes and jewels for her marriage, to be employed in myrrh and spices for her funeral ! He is a man of great learning and good sense, who has applied himself from youth to the most elevating studies ; but all the maxims of fortitude which he has received from books, or himself propounded, he now absolutely rejects ; and every other virtue in his heart gives place to parental tenderness. You will excuse and even approve of his sorrow, when you consider what he has lost : a daughter who resembled him in mind and in person, and exactly copied out all her father. If you shall think proper to write to him, let me suggest your not using the rougher arguments of consolation, and such as carry a sort of reproof with them, but those of kind and sympathising humanity. Time will render him more open to the dictates of reason ; for as a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand of a surgeon, but by degrees submits to and even requires the means of its cure, so a mind under the first impression of misfortune shuns and rejects the arguments of consolation, but at length, if applied with tenderness, calmly and willingly acquiesces in them. Farewell ! ”

Again we say—Had his correspondent but been a Christian ! How, then, do Christians write ?

Well, here is the letter of one Christian friend to another, on suddenly receiving the news of the impending death of the latter from a cruel disease. It may comfort some one in like case.

“My dear friend,—Your letter has deeply affected me. I was very pleased on seeing your handwriting on the address, but was not in any degree prepared for the intelligence it contained. And yet, my very dear friend, why, in a world like this, and with only the common tenure of life for us, should we speak or think of a special preparation as something necessary to prevent our feeling too much on such occasions? I ask this question, and yet, all the time, am confessing in my innermost soul that we do need the very highest of all kinds of preparation, to put our will in perfect harmony with the Divine will, where death is concerned.

“And, be assured, there is a wonderful mercy in all this. To part with a friend, to depart ourselves, is a trial of the most solemn character, as a matter of feeling; because it is, in the reality of its consequences, of nothing less than infinite importance. Our feelings set us upon the right track; our low, dull sense of duty would not. It is so ordained that we should be put in the right mood by our *affections* or our *fears*, an opening being thus made for exercises of thought, which had otherwise never been awakened. I am constrained to write in haste, and am not, perhaps, intelligible; but the preparatory strengthening of the heart against any trial is not for the sake of the moment, but for the ends of the future. Hence, it is good to be prepared for painful news; it is wholesome to live in the habit of preparation; *not*, that is, to be hardened against the sudden pain merely, but that, being thus disciplined, we shall overcome the incomparably greater ill to which the sorrow is introductory.

“Your own letter contains abundant topics of comfort. It is inconsistent with right views, either of God or ourselves, or of life, to let go the two threads of existence which bind us to earth and heaven. The one which holds us to the former, however, draws us more firmly than that which is fastened to the golden throne! But no consideration can be half so powerful, in the way of practical support, as *a sense of the love of God growing in the heart*. And to this we may confidently look, from the first day of penitence and belief. God would never have given me either repentance or faith, but to reconcile me to himself, and so to save and glorify me. And salvation and glory are two words comprehensive of all possible kinds of good. The one shows me all that I can now delight in,—all that I can, according to my proper nature, love or rejoice in,—delivered and preserved; the other shows me, in the radiance of an indefinite but most glorious idea, what God intends to do for me above and beyond what my present capacity renders possible.

“Let us, my dear friend, exercise ourselves in direct appeals to, and converse with God, through the blessed Jesus, and by the Holy Ghost. His word has a living, wonderful force in it, to help us in

this matter; and as we gain strength and confidence by these means, we shall, I humbly hope, overcome the natural apprehension of those circumstances which may possibly attend the putting off the outward framework. The Father of Mercies will not let us be tried above that we are able to bear. He will *never* leave us nor forsake us! His grace is sufficient, and His strength is made perfect in weakness. In many cases, the light really grows stronger and stronger towards the close, and there is an intense *desire* to depart. I will come to you on Monday."

How much Pliny would have found herein, that was *new*, to console!

By way of relief, here is the joyous welcome of a young Swiss bride-elect to her far-off school-friend:—

"My dear, dear Helen!—You will have thought, either that I have not received your dear letter, or that your coming is a matter of indifference to me! O my good, dear Helen! Could I but tell you how delighted I am that you have accepted my invitation! The reason for my leaving you so long without an answer was, that I wished to tell you for what day our wedding was fixed. In the second place, I am, as you may imagine, so overwhelmingly busy just now, that I am obliged to earn, as it were, every leisure moment that I want.

"But now I will see whether I cannot give you a tolerable answer to your dear letter. In the first place, let me tell you what is to be the, to me, so happy but serious and important day: We are to be married on the 24th.

"Ah! my good, dear Helen! Sometimes I tremble at the thought of it. When I remember how important is the step I am about to take; when I recollect what, according to the Word of God, I ought to be to my Hermann, and feel how weak I am, then I sometimes am dismayed. But the Lord, who sent this beloved one to me, will give me strength to be to him what I should.

"But now, listen! Our wedding, then, is fixed for the 24th. You will, therefore, be in G—— on the 22nd, whither my Hermann and I will come to meet you. It would be delightful if Josephine could arrange to get there at the same time. We should be awaiting you at the station, with the most impatient longing. O, for that hour of meeting!—of embracing!—How happy, thrice happy, shall I then be!

"Now, I will see whether I can answer your questions. You ask, in the first place, whether it will be as agreeable to my Hermann as to me, to have you at our wedding. My dear, he is indescribably pleased at the prospect of making your acquaintance. What pleases me, pleases him also, and when I am happy he is so too. I speak frankly and sincerely, my heart.

"If I did not know that you would willingly put up with our simple German ways,—for such they are, compared with those of your



country;—Hermann and I should, indeed, look forward to your visit with less pleasure; for, as you will easily imagine, much will at first be wanting. But, my dear, you will manage to put up with it, will you not? You will help me to keep house, and will set in order what fails. You must make me a long, long visit; at least to the end of June. Then we will make a tour together, and visit Frankfurt, Coblenz, &c. Will not that be delightful? Hermann's health is now, thank God, better. As for me, I am just the same as ever. The roses have lost their colour a little, perhaps, but by no means entirely. I do not wear my hair as I formerly did. Mina is delighted at the thought of seeing you again. She is now almost as tall as I am.

"You may either wear a white or a black dress, as you please, with white gloves, and a few flowers in your hair, which I will weave in for you. I shall attire myself very simply on that day, for I look upon it as one of too much importance to be taken up with thoughts of vain things. My dress will be black silk—quite simple, but pretty: white sleeves, white gloves, white wreath, and white veil. What say you? Will the bride please the bridegroom? I fancy so. But it is not the exterior that attracts us two—no; it is the hearts, that are full of warm mutual love.

"Now I will let you know what sort of a home I am to have. Outside, it looks like a stately mansion; but it is not very stately within. It will be simply, but neatly and prettily fitted up. We have bought everything plain, but good. You must help me, dear Helen, in arranging everything. Oh! I can sometimes scarcely believe that I am so soon to enter this period of my life. My dearest Helen, I trust you often remember me before the Lord in your prayers at this important time. Greet your dear parents right cordially from me, and thank them very much for allowing you to come to my wedding. Tell them we rejoice at it. I shall do my best to send you back to them healthy and blooming. And now let me beg you to soon send me a decisive answer when to expect you, that is, if it be the Lord's will. But I dare not even think of your sending me a refusal!"

The genuine ring of girlish love and joy in this letter will commend itself to all kindly readers. But there is something more in it. First, how simply and reverently the writer refers everything to the Lord;—next, though it all bears on her own happy prospects, how unselfish they are, and how little they have to do with the pomps and vanities of this really *wicked* world. Yes, wicked. The cry of the day is—"Young people of education really *cannot* now marry on three hundred a-year." We have heard it seriously said within this week. Then, how many may consider the matter hopeless! This state of things is one of the signs of corruption which always foretold the decay of a great empire. Beware then, oh! fathers and mothers, young men and young maidens, how you show yourselves bad citizens of your good country by contributing to its decay.

Every step we take in life has its influence, for good or for evil. Every yielding to, or exaggeration of, the pernicious customs of the world is a step *on the wrong extremity of the plank over the precipice that will help to send it down into the abyss*. Every firm persistence in what is simple and unselfish, without minding the world's dread laugh, is a step on the right extremity of the plank that will help to preserve its balance on *terra firma*. Be warned, then, in time. A wedding has recently taken place in a very small country town, *not* among the titled aristocracy,—scarcely in a class above that of Linda and her Hermann, in which the bride was attended by eight bridesmaids, four in double skirts and veils of gold tissue, with crimson and gold wreaths, and four in double skirts and veils of silver tissue, with wreaths of blue and silver! Think of the effect on neighbours, on the tradespeople, and on the cottagers and school-children! “Really,” said an admiring lady bystander, “they want nothing but wings to be angels!” We think they wanted a good deal besides wings to be angels. “Not that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, and of putting on of apparel,” but “the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price: for after this manner, in the old time, holy women who trusted in God adorned themselves.” Yes—we are writing, at this minute, on the joint anniversary of the golden wedding of our grandfather and grandmother, and the silver wedding of our father and mother. They are now all in their graves: they were in better circumstances than their descendants are: they lived hospitably, liberally, but plainly: they paid their way: they were on terms of friendly equality with some much higher in rank and wealth than themselves: they would never have been what they were, never have done the good they unostentatiously did, never have left their families the honest fruits of their industry and economy, never lived respected and died regretted, had they followed the present course of this decorous, rotten-hearted world, and run into the same excess of riot. How was our grandmother married? She was the daughter of a Wiltshire country gentleman, we warrant you, who drove his coach-and-four; and we have heard her say with a smile to our grandfather (one of the handsomest men of his time, and of the sweetest disposition!) “My dear! I refused, for you, a coach-and-four!”—to which he quietly replied, “My love, you did.” *That* was not done in the spirit of this present time! No, no; young ladies who walk in gold and silver, require a coach-and-six: the good, noble-hearted husband may be done without.

We can tell you how this charming grandfather and grandmother were dressed, on that far-off wedding-day, May 15, 1782: more by token, we had, within these ten years, his wedding-coat in charge, in a certain trunk. It was of the finest French-grey, almost pale-blue, cloth; and our grandmother's wedding-dress was a habit made off the same piece—a quaint, fanciful, touching old fashion. We have heard him say that in those days he could span her waist with his two hands. As for his wedding-waistcoat, it was of white satin,

embroidered with rose buds and heart's-eases. Lace ruffles, of course; knee and shoe buckles. Yes, he must have looked pre-eminently the gentleman, that day, as he ever did; but, as Linda says in her letter, it was not the exterior that attracted those two—no, it was the hearts, full of warm mutual love.

And the love did not wear out. It lasted as well as that French-grey cloth, that survived his death. It lives still, be assured, and will live for ever.

Oh, you beloved old man! Do we need proof of it? Let this letter we have just sought out and found, written when you were past eighty, and she was dead, speak for itself.

“My dear ——,—I need not ask you if you ever think of your late dear grandmother, because I am sure you do. She was very fond of you, and unboundedly so of me. She is never out of my thoughts! Whatever I am doing, saying, or thinking, she is ever uppermost in my mind, and my hourly monitor.

“‘Love at first sight’ is a common saying. It certainly *was* so with me, and I can truly say what I often told her—that my love for her increased with the increasing years of our living together!

“Within the last hour, I have had the relief of a hearty cry, not from any particular cause; and it is a further relief to me to unburthen my grief to you in this way, which, from the affection I know you have for me, you will at once excuse.

“It is impossible that any one can be more attentive to make me happy and comfortable than your aunt Catherine, and she succeeds in her anxious endeavours to do so. I am quite aware of the blessings I have enjoyed for a period much beyond what falls to the lot of most men; and I am quite thankful for what I have received, and am resigned to the separation that has taken place.

“With my warmest wishes for the happiness of yourself and your parents, your brothers and sisters, I remain your affectionate grandfather.”

Our grandmother had been dead more than two years. He had two much-loved daughters then living, but there was a kind of confidential affection between us that to the present writer was inexpressibly winning. We were very much favoured in our grandfathers! Our other grandfather was an equally good and delightful man. He was an Arian minister, and could not see his way clearly with regard to the doctrine of the Trinity; but the love and life of Christ were conspicuously in him, although he saw through a glass darkly. Here is a letter of his to a Unitarian friend who had sent him a book or pamphlet of his own writing. The letter is interesting and curious, and shows the writer to have been many degrees above a Unitarian:—

“May, 1824.—My dear Sir,—I regretted not having the pleasure of seeing you on your return from Cornwall, as your company



always gives me pleasure. . . . I have read your 'Letters' with great attention; but Dr. Priestley says converts are seldom made after the age of forty, and I am near seventy; therefore you will not impute it to want of strength in your arguments, but to the obtuseness of my faculties, that I am not a Humanitarian. . . . The pre-existence is a doctrine I find so rooted in my mind by what I consider the plain language of Scripture, that I cannot consent to part with it.

"Very many of my friends have adopted your view of the subject, from an idea that the doctrine of the simple humanity of Christ relieves Christianity from many of those difficulties which attend the scheme I have adopted. But in my mind it involves Revelation in greater perplexity. According to my view of the subject, those texts of Scripture which *seemingly* teach the pre-existence, teach it *in reality*; that the spirit and the letter are not at such variance, as you and some others think; and that, *without a figure*, Christ came from the Father into the world, as well as went to the Father when he left the world. Such are my views of the subject; not hastily adopted, but on grounds in which I proceeded with deliberation and care.

"What has appeared to me the strongest argument for the simple humanity is the efficacy of his example. But you will bear with me while I state, that many things may be proper subjects of imitation which we can never hope to emulate; and that excellence is more likely to be attained by copying a perfect model to the best of our abilities, than by contenting ourselves with equalling what is on our own level.

"It has been said that the exercise of virtue in Christ was *easy*, on the supposition of his exalted nature. But many parts of our Saviour's life were so far from being more easy to him, that, in fact, they were more difficult. We know from experience that humiliation and contempt, indignities and bodily pain, are less tolerable in proportion to the refinement and dignity of the sufferer; and hence it is reasonable to suppose they would be still more grievous to a spirit of finer feelings and more exalted dignity.

"Christ is not held out to us as an object of competition; it is not required that a disciple should rival his Lord. As we are to be followers of God, as dear children, so we are to be followers of Christ, as humble and teachable disciples.

"But whilst we believe in the Divine mission of Our Saviour, it has always appeared to me of minor importance at what period he began to exist; and I hope to cherish for every honest inquirer after truth the sincerest good-will. I remember John Wesley says, in his sermon on Grace, 'How far is love, with many wrong opinions, to be preferred to truth itself, without love! We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried to Abraham's bosom.'"

The following contains a summary of the alarms and preventive

measures of a good old gentleman, in immediate dread of Napoleon Buonaparte's invasion in 1803. It is headed "Private:"—

"My dear Friend,—Ponder, and regard the contents of this paper, which are to meet no eye but your own! They are detached and observative, but all centre in one point.

"In case of a *successful* invasion (from which God defend the nation!) no individual or family can depend on anything being spared to them, but small beer and potatoes (if even those,) and the meanest apparel. The meanest apparel, therefore, may be invaluable to retain.

"The cheapest possible means of preserving life, I think to be—Pollard mixed with water. A raw onion (to those who can eat it) is said to be a powerful relief to mitigate hunger.

"Peas-haulms ought to be carefully preserved,—many may have no other sleeping bed; or covering, but the meanest blanket in the house. All the *straw* may be taken for litter for the horses.

"It should be recommended to persons of every age and description to *conceal nothing*.

"On the first notice of an invading fleet having put to sea, all the horses and carriages in and near London that can be spared from regular services should be kept under registration, to convey females and children out of the capital to the interior of the kingdom, within a certain limited distance, to be prescribed by Government, after the manner of the present stage coaches. These might, by speedily returning, take off many, and thereby greatly relieve the capital.

"Unnecessary horses were better to remain out a distance from London, at a time when the enemy is approaching. And all servants, of either sex, that could be spared, should be devoted to some purposes of general utility; the females to minister to the sick, wounded, and distressed; the males for whatever other purposes the various exigencies of the times may require. Some proclamation may be necessary from the King, to explain and ascertain all these points, and to invest certain magistrates in every district with power to enforce their obedience.

"Notwithstanding what I have written, believe me, I am not despondent; but would be wise in time! In an hour of tranquillity meditate on what may be needed, and on all that may be left to us in an hour of distress, and devise to secure even the meanest articles of relief."

Poor old gentleman! Such were the cogitations that were ruefully to be revolved in his mind, when, the cloth withdrawn, the two glasses of excellent sherry or Madeira leisurely swallowed, his blooming daughters retired to leave him, as they believed, to the enjoyment of a comfortable nap!

The concluding axiom of the venerable writer is noteworthy, as having the tone of the true Briton in it. "Any bed will be soft enough, after the degradation of our country!—should that, indeed, be permitted to befall us; and no bed can be too mean for comfort,

if we lie down on it with humble hope of 'that city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.' "

It is not quite certain we can afford to laugh at these unreal fears; although, in that instance, they proved without foundation. At any rate, the critical times in which we live may enable us yet to read with some interest the following note, written in a less disturbed, but not unanxious mood. They recal the false alarm so vividly portrayed in the last volume of "The Antiquary."

"As some part of these dominions may possibly be for a time subjected to calamities which may make it prudent and even necessary to put some of my former observations into practice, though we trust the event will turn out to the glory of the Almighty, it is not deserting but strengthening the interests we are engaged to defend, to devise, and confidently to impart to those for whose welfare we are mainly concerned, counsels accommodated to whatever temporary trials may overtake us.

"You have a mind superior to unmanly fears, and, at the same time, awake to circumstances that require forecast. Every mind is now so employed. The communication of their mutual ideas may have its uses. At a memorable period of my personal history, when the world wore as gloomy an aspect as now, and when I contemplated retiring to Penzance and settling there, as one of the cheapest situations in the kingdom (you and your family being then at Salisbury,) I passed four weeks (and called them my Penzance month) in the old Bread-street-hill house, without any society, and in the uniform practice of the most rigid economy, to try beforehand how I could bear the contemplated humiliation; and this with such success that I reasoned with myself, 'If thus for one month, why not for twelve? and if for one year, why not for the remainder of life?' The necessity of it was averted; but it was satisfactory to have made the trial; and the like reflection may be my renewed happiness, by brighter views succeeding to our present gloomy political prospects. The little all in my power is offered—I have nothing more to sacrifice."

He had contributed largely to the Patriotic Fund for the defence of the country; his correspondent was an officer in the volunteer corps.

In turning over our memorabilia, we next come to a letter of Southey's, dated "Keswick, Oct. 24th, 1835." He speaks of having received one of his own books at breakfast-time, and says,—“The greatest pleasure I have, as an author, is in looking through one of my own volumes as I cut the leaves, when I see it for the first time complete. . . . Nothing can be more beautifully engraved than the prints. But the year and Cowper's age should have been given under the portrait, and I wish the autograph had been a better one! A signature is generally the fittest specimen that can be chosen; but the close of a letter is often scrawled, and with a worn pen. . . .



The foreign letter which you sent me is from Sir Egerton Brydges; and its whole contents are about Cowper and his connexions. Much of this he had written to me before, and I had made use of it; but, at his age, seventy-three, and in his state of body and mind, no wonder that in such things his memory fails. . . . Poor man! he signs himself 'Chandos and Sudeley.'"

Southey's own signature well deserves the praise he bestows on signatures in general; and a fanciful analogy may be traced between his character and the firm, clear, upright character of his writing, easy to be read of all men.

We have only space to include a few gems by Mary Russell Mitford:—

"Your letter came into my room to-day like a May sunbeam, and is now lying, fitly placed, between a jar of honeysuckle and another of violets. You will like to know that, with the help of my maid to dip the pen in the ink, I can write so far as to send a word of gratitude to the many who are kind. In other respects I am much the same—perhaps a little weaker; so greatly have these east winds been against me. But my medical friends hold out some hope of improvement, should we have warmer weather."

This was written at Swallowfield, in the May of 1854. A few days later,—“I cannot thank you enough for your letter and book. You could not have sent them to any one who will prize them more. In a weakness and helplessness so complete and so painful (for even in writing, a servant is obliged to dip my pen in the ink,) it is an unspeakable blessing that I can still enjoy the never-cloying pleasure of reading. I think, indeed, that I have even a livelier feeling of gratification from the beautiful and the true—and the sort of personal acquaintance with the writer that letters give, quickens the enjoyment of a favourite volume. I have not yet finished yours, which is all the better—but, as I seldom get any sleep until after breakfast, when I doze for an hour or two, I am pretty sure to do so to-night. And what a debt it is, for one who cannot move the very least in the world, for those long, weary, solitary hours, to have them charmed into pleasantness, not by the excitement of what is called powerful writing, but by the true and enduring magic of natural and unexaggerated feeling!” “My pleasure,” she says in another letter, “has always been in reading, rather than in writing. I doubt whether, after some early poems which I am certainly not going to recal to public attention, I should ever have written another word, but for the necessity of trying to earn money for my dear father and mother. I write with great slowness and labour; and that very tale of ‘Atherton,’ received so kindly, and composed under so much bodily suffering, was written three times over from the first page to the last.”

In her next she says,—“I have been fluctuating between better

and worse, and hang by as loose a thread to life as one of these late November leaves. May He grant me an entire reliance on His mercy! My trust is altogether in Christ. But my hope is humble and lowly. I read the Gospels, and am now going through them for the fifth time during the last few months. *There* is the best comfort—without commentaries—the plain writings of the Evangelists, who saw and recorded their Divine mission.

"My spaniel Fanchon is so fat that her delicate feet will hardly carry her round body—and she can hardly play with a lovely little girl, not quite two years old, belonging to my faithful servant, who takes all possible pains to make her still more inactive, by sharing with her every morsel of food that she takes herself.

"I have a slight change of posture, sometimes, by being propped up on air-cushions; and I am sometimes wheeled from the fireside to the window. About a month ago, a redbreast came to that window, and tapped. Of course, we answered the appeal by a little tray outside the window, and keeping it well supplied with bread and crumbs; now, he not only comes himself, but has introduced his kinsfolk and friends. Think, what a pleasure!"

Many have known this meek, enduring woman as a gifted writer; few have known her as a humble, persevering Christian. Another extract or two, then, may be given. She was close upon her death, yet knew it not: but, to use a homely, not irreverent simile, she was like a traveller, with luggage packed and on the platform, waiting for the next train, and ready, any moment, to hear the whistle.

"Every night, beloved friend, I pray for those I love; you amongst the number—and my prayer is for alleviation and strength to bear. Think, too, of me, and pray that my repentance may be deepened, and my faith strengthened and quickened, and that He may grant me His Holy Spirit. These are our Christmas wishes and prayers."

Her next, which was also her last, included a little autobiography, full of playfulness and pathos, and in writing that almost required a microscope to read. A few days afterwards her Heavenly Father whispered—"Peace!—be still,"—and she slept in Jesus.

A. M.

## VI.

## MODERN BIBLE PICTURES:—No. I.

IN the midst of a stirring and noisy age, *who* does not recall wistfully, as if it were lost, something peculiar about the consecration of the Sabbath of English childhood thirty years ago? The past is seldom without some charm indeed, lent by distance; and children are still near as ever, doubtless, to those closed gates of Eden, which throw shadows along with the lights from within: so that our impressions of the change in such a period may be vastly greater than could really happen. Let us with confidence assume that there is an essence of truth, all the more diffused about the form; which now secures every intrinsic feature of the privilege, as each generation gains by it, on conditions that deepen, widen, and settle, beyond the power of change. If the revolutions of these years were to be ten times stormier in those to come, and if the reform, the march of intellect, the social progress, the material improvements, were quickened at a rate far greater, let us trust that all of it would now do what the past has done in that respect; namely, bring home but the nearer, to busy English hands and hearts, this joyful appreciation of rest from the work-day world, with refreshment from the upper world—where work is rest, where rest is work. Of yore discovered for them by their own strong-handed forefathers, the Puritans, it is even now an institution too congenial with British necessities and British habits for any imported fashion or new development to alter it practically. And if in some vital points it be found to differ from its Puritan character, yet these may not altogether tend to a meaner issue.

Looking back no further than thirty years ago, we can find in some places what the Puritans had left us,—without much of its old vitality, without any of the new. Whether or not the original Hebrew legislature had considered the requirements of the rising generation, or provided for infantile occupation, by any minor bye-laws beneath that code from which the Puritans drew theirs, at all events it seems plain that they themselves were too strong a race—too devoutly impressed and sternly elevated—to allow for weaknesses which they never felt except to discipline them. It was not asceticism so much, nor unkindness, as an excess of robust vigour, equally in their self-control with their action, that had characterised that religious household economy by severe paternal rule. They had not qualified it by concessions to the natural man, to the world and the flesh, much less to the supposed wiles, lures, and temptations of the spiritual enemy, or even to the feeble capacities of women, and the toy-seeking instincts of children. An assumption appears to have prevailed throughout their domestic polity, that it was still the pre-lapsarian state of probation, with a wiser Adam at the head of things, an Eve



more strictly watched by his side; and under their just vigilance were both Cain and Abel, on a somewhat better mode of training, to make their chance fairer for future life than before. If the fatal tree was there yet, its baneful kind of branches were lopped off, ere they could so much as put forth a single bud of evil. If the tempter ever penetrated within, it could not be in any visible manner or known disguise; the spear of Ithuriel being constantly at hand to expose and expel him. Unhappily, the other attributes of the garden were not there. It was without the pleasure of flowers and fruit altogether; save for mature intellectual strength, that had gone through the trial neither childishly nor womanlike. It had no bowers, and no play-ground. When the fault of trying to devise them was committed, we infer that the genuine old Puritan experienced a certain satisfaction of the grim sort, because he could detect, denounce, chastise, and redouble the safe-guards: and there was mingled with the high consciousness of his vicarious office a further impulse, aiding him to repress any subtle excuse or specious human relenting. He partly mortified his own forgotten carnality, partly felt the grappling delight of vengeance upon the ancient destroyer; for the rest, he testified against an idolatrous world, with its chambers of imagery, its symbols and ceremonies and shows, carvings and stainings, pictures and holidays,—a world to be borne with, only till that latter day when the strong saints should be strong enough to sweep it from the earth.

A complete surrender of temporary human objects for those which are divine and eternal, was the Puritan idea of devotion; set before the mind each day, from morning to evening, that every action might so be influenced throughout the necessary course of life; a course of life not necessary only, or permitted, but enjoined and obligatory, being, as it was, an exodus, a desert journey, a fight, a war at whose close there stood certain victory. They were the peculiar people, the chosen race, destined to extirpate the Canaanite with all his habits and his graven images, and to inherit the land prepared for them. Such an idea, meanwhile, did they concentrate weekly in the Sabbath, without mitigation and without compromise. To them an ordinance indeed, not arbitrary and perpetual as to the literality of ancient Israel; it denoted what the spirit of their religion was at heart, what it would fain do when the time of trial ended. All would then be Sabbath without any worldly mixture, and the letter of the law be superseded by its spirit only. Having freely accepted it—not been forced by signal tokens and long discipline into obedience—they undoubtedly knew more of the enjoyment than of the pain. Types and figures were not required to sustain their adherence, or keep their weaker members docile. Feasts of tabernacles or Pass-over were superfluous, to those who always lived as in tents of a camp; desiring to have their loins girt, their lamps burning, chiefly for a purpose like that of Gideon. The institution of an altar or temple, they looked back upon with compassion. It is even deducible, from many traits, that they could have believed without

miracles,—at least of the subordinate kind, and entertained a slight jealousy of the parabolical form of communication, if there was not in some cases a high-strained impression that the eternal and infinite truth might have condescended too graciously, as it was, to a corrupt and stubborn world. Thus the method of the Pauline doctrine obtained a gradual preference with many of them, at all events in that special aspect for men in general; and so also of the Mosaic and prophetic, compared with the evangelical. Among their preachers, an illustrative manner did not flourish, except to alarm or scourge. Direct truth and immediate instruction, in short, were by them thought most suited to teach, as well as to edify. There were enough of shows and sights in the outer life: in the necessity of walking and working contact with nature, there were but too many distractions and absorptions involved. As to the allurements of sense, the unsubstantial vanities of time, the trivial circumstances and idle pomps of the world, whatever could throw them all into more worthless contrast with unseen realities, was a precious savour of the unction from above. And it is obvious that all the loss to their tenderest womanhood or youngest instincts, by so characteristic a separation from ordinary pleasure, was well made up for, at that era. An energy, more than Spartan, grew up early in their youth. A vigour beyond the Roman was imparted to it, from mothers, sisters, and wives, who were thus alike nourished temperately, and arduously trained. There was far too vital a substance in it to decay into pharisaical form; too practical a shape about it to allow of Gnostic excess.

It became burdensome only when it was traditional with a later race, apart from the old earnestness of a nation with its work to accomplish. Even before, when translated to the young settlements of New England, near the lonely backwoods, it had taken forms that exceeded the Rabinnical for meaningless rigidity. Imported nearer hand, to the grim old Scottish character, it had found a congenial welcome; akin to that which took up fallen dynasties and worn-out causes, on their clanships' account, along with their pretext for occupation, and for tenacity, argument for quarrel. When Puritanism is caricatured, or the Sabbath put in the light of an odious hyperbole, we naturally have it done as against the Covenanter and Presbyterian; by hands, too, which point from the same quarter, or have originally belonged to it. Indeed, the desolate moorlands might have been thought scarcely to require further separation from the world, than the hunted fugitive took along with him there, making all the days alike solemn and devotional; nor did there seem much need for him to return upon his barren and sombre soil again, with added fastings and mortifications, meditations and times of rest: where the want lay rather in fresh impulses to industry, in practical motives for business, and in the cheerful inducements and supports that come with these, to render spiritual exercises a true repose. Doubtless, the religion of Howe, Owen, and Baxter, was that of a people in constant intercourse with life and living fact,—

active, busy, social, prosperous. It rose from the heart of a country full of farms and towns, labour and commerce, where the irrepressible spirit of free institutions was long at work before it took the shape of code and rule, for the better testing of offenders at home, and imitation by strangers abroad. In the average type of Anglo-Saxon thought, manners and motives, even before Wycliffe, we may read the certainty of evangelical Protestantism in the end, without a Luther: and as there were truly innumerable earlier Hampdens like those the poet has imagined, unknown and "guiltless of their country's blood," from whom the historical Hampden drew his confidence; so also does John Bunyan imply most significantly, by that homely vision of his in prison, that all over Old England it mattered not who rode on high, who walked beneath, what party might flaunt in the sun, or which await the morrow—for down to the very bottom of its commonweal the central glow had penetrated, and rose up again for ever in the brightness and the blackness of a twofold necessity. The English tongue had formed itself to the same model, and English literature had risen into existence with that very purport on its front: Puritanism in every sentence and proposition; the vivid sense of the stress of evil and good upon man, between life and death, between bliss and bale, time and eternity. Alike in Elizabethan tragedy and comedy, or solitary Miltonic epos, had it developed nearer to every man's personal conviction, till it was finally brought home from the obscurest hedge-sides and profanest ale-house taps, with a graphic distinctness which neither man, woman, nor child could behold and misunderstand.

An obvious question that arises in this connection would scarcely be practical enough for the modern English representatives of Puritanism. No descendant of the Nonconformists has to be informed, at least where he holds to the old ground, and cultivates it, how his forefathers were enabled to keep its middle path between the two extremes of the ascetic and sensuous. If they had been at all apt to fall back into mediæval secularity, which deposes away the sacred into ritual distance and difference from itself; then would the risk have been only increased by allegories or tales, representations or scenic supplements of the bare fact. These would have helped them as little in the danger more apparently at hand,—that of fulfilling their own zealous aim too soon, while yet on earth; and, when all hours should grow devout, all places consecrated, all things spiritualised and sanctified, of knowing no boundary nor standard longer by which to judge of what was most precious, *which* the daily and mundane, *what* the Sabbatic and heavenward. Already, perhaps, they had tended that way too much, and had been too superior to set times or formal occasions; if the saving energy had not been justified in its confidence, by such arduous chances, such elevating emergencies of everyday life, as were frequent throughout their heroic period. It was happy for them afterwards, in the duller age, that they had not staid in high places of political power, nor multiplied among the upper ranks, but were in every sense the middle



class; a comfortable, householding, home-having people, who, while they farmed or traded, were clustered in numerous circles together. Above all, they had helpmates of their own race, congenial in spirit, with children borne to them in content and tender nurture, designed for stations like their own. Thus placed, indeed, if the spirit had departed, and the salt lost its savour, they might have shrunk inwardly to a sect of ineffectual quietists, or insensibly been diffused outwards among others, that survive by the force of a single scruple, or arise on the basis of one new crotchet, or who have swarmed off from the inertness of established tradition, but not from its methods and forms. The special part of English dissent, as the true heir and successor of English Puritanism, whatever may be the value of that movement, seems to have been fixed by the real identity of character in the two. They had both of them the same indigenous native sincerity and direct rugged zeal, for the practice of what was professed, the realization of what was conceived; not held in minor points, not at all perplexed by balances between doctrine and result, faith and works, liberty and necessity; only concerned to do the thing which they knew to *be*. Within modern limits, it became evident, merely, that what the fathers had taken according to the letter, was to the sons a type, a figure, a parable, a vision, allegory, and picture. The triumph of the saints, the kingdom of heaven, the reign of God, was, with the latter race, not a thing for mortals to bring down upon earth and display for the world's taking or rejection. And the modern Independent was equally content to dispense with the aid of pictures, when he understood their meaning; as the old Puritan had been scornful of their enjoyment, though he used them for implements and weapons.

Very practical indeed was the fervour of Congregationalism in the last generation, judging by a stranger's childish but familiar remembrance thirty years ago. Its week-day seriousness seemed to differ from its Sunday solemnity in no other way than as the part differs from the whole: the spirit of its common and casual life was separated from that of its recessional opportunities and set times, not so much in kind as in degree. This character stood obviously out, even to the child of a more abstract and dogmatical system,—of one which was sterner, at least in its aspect, because it belonged to the north. There appeared to spread through all else, beyond evasion or escape, a constant effect of things devout and above the world, whether or not their forms appeared. It did not oppress or trouble *them*,—the very youngest of them,—even in their play, whatever might be felt by a wayward little sojourner among them. They all seemed to have been born in that atmosphere; so bred in it, too, that its singularity was unknown to them. Apparently, it was taken for granted that each partook of this spirit, acting by its impulses, until any offence should be manifestly committed against it: and however early the stage of their progress, none of them was ruled as an untamed native of some enemy's house, still to be changed into a son or daughter; but as

one who owned the standard by which approval held, or reproof measured. To hold that standard up in rebuke, to see it testified of in the others' looks, by their conduct also, appeared the worst punishment in use for the slight trespasses amidst such a household. There, indeed, it was strange how they took a settled pleasure in each other; with brotherly and sisterly abundance of kindness and good fellowship, not tempted much by the shows and allurements of the world. But the truth was, they were early busied with things that exercise the better side of the heart. How soon had they begun to imitate the active charities of the grown-up people, emulating their stir about benevolent schemes, their interest in congregational management, their educational movements, tract-funds, singing classes, Dorcas-societies, missionary boxes! With the elder members there were no felt vacancies of the sentimental, fanciful, speculative, kind, requiring to be filled up by objects which draw out and increase such a want till it grows an appetite that must be fed and regulated. So, therefore, with their rising generation, who were in embryo a continuance of the same church-primitive, modelled upon the original family-principle; as if rather to transform the world by supplanting its gregarious habits, and out-colonising its homeless savageism into final nonentity, than through open means for its conversion. In fact, the world had been tired already with all sorts of signs and miracles, parables and proofs, displays and illustrations; having done worse than reject the truth, in that the truth had been taken to be simulated, and acknowledged only to be tricked out. Bedizened, draped, painted, it was apparently disguised in the so-called Christendom beyond the utmost hope of use. What wonder if the modern Puritan contented himself with the distant prospect of universal self-multiplication in the course of time; meanwhile temperately postponing the enjoyment of that picture, as from all others he frugally abstained. The first fault is in every church; the second was but compounded of the first, through help of an English element, in this case, above all others, qualifying the Judaical.

The particular attitude of evangelical piety, a generation or two ago, in reference to what is now called "æsthetic culture," was a remembrance that brings up many thoughts. It rises mildly, almost regretfully, so far as concerns the solid English qualities associated with it, to our mind, in the busy South. These probably still thrive and make progress under a habit—essentially the same as ever. There, perhaps, good books are still not reserved for the Sunday alone. There, it may be, sober manners and serious feelings are not yet folded up throughout the week, laid aside in presses, to be taken out with their creases and crumplings visible upon them; like the doctrines, the morals, and the garb, which are now more and more confined elsewhere to sacred days, to rare occasions of solemnity, or to ceremonial personages and functions. Possibly, it continues to be the case among those we have in view; that there is no division within themselves of the laic and the clerical, the secular and sacred; of the profane or mundane on the one hand, from the

hallowed or expiatory which is promoted to the dignity of hieroglyphics and priestly celebration. Their lives are, at all times, alike influenced by their professed faith, let us suppose,—at the counter, desk, or farm-work, and in meeting for fellowship, or in domestic duty and intercourse. Everywhere, and at all times, they are unmistakeably members of a body distinct from the world, as well as holders of a belief which the world does not hold. They are instructed and edified through practice, equally as by preaching: they worship, when apart from each other in the outer and promiscuous scene, with the same necessity for worship which prevails when they join for that object in the place of quiet assemblage; often with an equal fervour, sometimes with a more intimate and vivid consciousness of elevation and communion. With them, to labour is truly to pray; to pray is, indeed, in its turn a labour, arduous, humbly limited to appointed means and unknown causes; and the ennobling privilege of both these obligations—these everlasting conditions of created intelligence—is thus jointly disclosed to them. So that they aspire, whether more or less aware of it, to the growing strenuousness which is yet refreshed by periods of seclusion, cheered by punctual gatherings to express it, to proclaim it aloud, to show its unanimity, and to prove its increase; most of all, by the new fruits it can itself bear forth again to the sphere of trial and action. Its praise is not only in hymns. It is not ashamed of itself in society; nor forced, on the other hand, even for the sake of its shy sensibilities on things unspeakable, with which the stranger cannot intermeddle, to sit mute because there are no set phrases circulating, or more suitable. The devout tract is not its indispensable instrument of propagation. What is called “the religious novel” was not written for it, and is scarcely at all to its mind. The necessity of openly sanctifying everything, before its use, is by no means a characteristic of practical English seriousness, either in the simplest or most refined form. It does not shrink back from an object—merely because the object looks inviting and pleasant—in order first to perform a pious conjury upon it, that it may be lawfully appropriated from the Egyptian, and devoted to the purposes of Israel. So, indeed, have we known musical airs to be taken from the song-book, for the benefit of the psalter; the odes of Horace proposed for spiritualisation, lest their charm should be withheld from sacred leisure: in general a pious envy and a holy covetousness, unsatisfied among certain classes with the lot of the chosen people, which expurgates Shakspeare and the theatre, but admits them to the hearthside, publishes a family edition of Burns, longing much also for a new but “godly” Sir Walter Scott. Happily this is not, as it never was, the spirit of English Puritanism. It can now honestly take or let alone the poetic business of the age, or the pleasures of modern art and literature; can extract the sweetness without what it may consider the poison, and admit the outer week-day pictures to its own private walls for mere ornament, whether perforce in memory only, or by free choice as they literally are.



But all this describes the model religious character, the mature Christian, at once practical and contemplative; oftenest found, it may be, in certain religious bodies of a certain country, whose best typical qualities are the conspicuous result of an aggregation of many such actual members; though, fortunately, not now confined altogether to any particular denomination, or even to any country whatever. Taking this model character in the very sphere of his strongest action and most combined force, he has there, at least, a threefold reason for looking at the matter more closely. He is joined to some weaker brethren and sisters within; beneath, they jointly have the charge of many rising neophytes, tyroes, catechumens, and infant aspirants, at every stage of immature progress; without, they have their daily conversation amidst a world whose model is indeed not the same, whose untrained instincts are yet akin to theirs, whose fashions they may have regarded too securely as being innocuous to their own, because not intentionally proselytising nor openly aggressive. Have *they*, on their own part, not been too satisfied to keep this seeming peace, this truce with secularity and sensuous things, that covers an insidious, viewless, but constant defection from one side only? Laying aside the old Puritan weapons of offence, for the busy implements of inward culture, is it true that they have still laboured in armour and kept up their continual aggression—but only with those sober civic tools, perhaps—upon the home soil, against the mere difficulties of tillage, the native weeds, the indigenous beasts of the field? All their other warring may have been with principalities and powers of the air, spiritual wickednesses in high places, ghostly enemies, rival systems, distant idols, flagrant evils, “lapsed classes,” dark alleys of home heathenism, neighbouring back-slums of poverty, hunger, nakedness, vice, profligacy, and drunken debasement! But did they ever take the real outward weapons of modern men,—their sharp and shining artifices, their skilful artillery, their refined engines of battle,—and go out on the eager initiative of invasion and ambitious conquest, to war with the world itself in its own way? The world, let it be said, as their native language specifies it,—not that vague synonym for the globe or the creed, the class or the mass, or the medley of human accident; but the age they live in, the contemporary secular carelessness of the generation whose very frivolities they have to do with, whose particular follies and faithlessness they have to oppose, which yet takes a special, recognisable shape. Do they really know, it might be asked, that pressing reason and motive of motives which should prompt aggression equally with the old Puritan zeal,—nay, more than ever urge them to carry their war into the hostile camp, and demand of the enemy, once for all, not peace only, but henceforward a lasting treaty?

A little while ago, the world cared for worldly pictures, and no more. Full enough of them, and fond enough, did it then continue to be, so far as concerned the luxurious indulgence, the casual entertainment, the vain display. From very early time in the long

series of worlds that have flourished, faded, and ceased, their picture-craft had been a feature common to them all, well nigh the only one that identifies them in their tombs, from their fossil traces and Egyptian or Assyrian epitaphs, Aztec or Etruscan, or Pompeian relics, to Greek or Roman petrifications of the seen and temporal, perfect death and hopeless beauty. Whether their rightful heirs disinterred them from the dust, acknowledging their void, broken insufficiency; or had kept them above it, in cabinets and on pedestals, calling them ideals of life and patterns of excellence; it was still the same. They were all alike the hieroglyphic of a dead desire and meaning; symbols of a language that had been; types and figures of what could be felt no longer. Even so, and far more quickly, the shallow product of our last poor world departed, our own birth-age,—whom everybody now mentions with a compassionate superiority,—when it tried to create its own new *dilettante* imagery by copying these curiosities. Well might it soon tire of repeating the inanimate and imperfect, with inferior style. As the old Puritan would have deigned no notice to such a business, so his true descendant scorned it silently. There seemed no attraction nor temptation about it. It even wearied the performers, who found but little refreshment in the further course of painting it up and giving it modern airs, with name of classic or romantic, the *genre* style or the natural, perhaps the scriptural itself. Oratory and poetry, literature and art, fashion and furniture, might take its reflected lights and borrow its associations; nay, in daily recreations and nightly amusements, in the very refurbished vestments and ceremonies of old creeds, in the reviving signs and wonders of new ones, there might come tokens of the same impulse. But amidst the settled organization, at least, of vital English piety in its secure though modest path, this was no visible danger. That path was an active round of mingled duties, spiritual with temporal together; none the less cheerfully satisfied because undecorated, direct, practical. In a circle round it, clearly illuminating all within, shone the light of sober evangelical comfort, which “makes the best of both worlds.” For they all the more enjoyed life with its natural goods, pleasures, scenes, every homely affection rising in them the more healthily and genially, because of the full undivided stream of that fountain of all things which supplies them for ever without fear of an end, and because of the inseparable rays of that light which shows them never prismatically, never tinted, framed, nor hung. Take the complete, consistent Puritan in any sphere or time, and it is questionable whether the marvels of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry are anything more than a passing diversion to him, less than ordinary nature, not worth dwelling upon, not worth producing; thus impossible for himself to produce. Surely the blinded Milton had lost their communion, when, instead of beholding and doing with Cromwell, he mused his epic; distracted Cowper, when he whiled away his vacant hours by glorifying that gospel blessedness, that sense of household comfort, that blended

fervour and humour, which were lost to his own enjoyment; and of good Dr. Watts, and of the Scottish Pollok, something might *à la mode* be said.

It was far more than a compensation to the evangelical dissenter of the past generation, so far as any want of the ornamental could go,—that the sphere of his steady seriousness was free from the morbid moods of others, the self-mortifying asceticism, the fanatical bigotry, or the ultra-doctrinal severity, if it should not be called savageness, which have made other churches illustrious and eloquent at no distant period. *His* was not troubled by the phenomena of sudden revivals or prophetic gifts; it neither gained nor suffered by such stormy splendours as were shed around the zeal of its northern brethren, in their long inward and outward conflict, which ended with a breach so wide and doubtful; still less by the varied chequerings of the same contest next door within the pale of its southern neighbour, that continue to work out their destined result. All this was saved to the nonconforming church, in their sustained spontaneous adherence to what had been wrought out and done for them long before by their forefathers; done before with simpler effort, if not less arduous and, at least, equally painful. Their own posterity had thus every reason to be satisfied in the same plain though unexciting course. And to all appearance they were so. Wherever the clear circle of light reached around, sharply defining the practical from the fanciful, and the simply Christian from the compositely mundane, *there* it seemed that none went out, as certainly none came in. The primitive system was transmitted onward in its identity, from meeting to meeting, from one periodical union to another, from the passing generation to that which pledged the future; even as the race of men is preserved, and is the same, though disease and death are secretly busy; and as a nation remains, increases, makes progress, and advances in power, notwithstanding that emigration, and colonies, and foreign empire, and leagues of hostile rivalry, must doubtless from these very causes be multiplying and rising opposed.

Outside the sacred circle of light, it is true, there lay a boundless obscurity, of which very little was known; for which less, perhaps, was cared. True, the curiosity of the young, or the imprudence of the weak, might pry into that region, even venture out awhile to explore it; and, from the inner brightness, such thoughtless denizens might pass unnoticed to the shade, if they so willed. To return unseen was not so easy, did they stay long enough to be missed, or wander so far as to be darkened; their dazzled looks or strange excuses would have been severely judged at home. Few, indeed, ever returned. They must be left to the shadows and perplexities, unaided from home, going on to other lights, or failing on the way: there was yet no resource in these days in the evangelical armoury, for him who speculated darkly, or for him who hankered after indulgences and concessions. There were no compromises to sentiment and fancy, to worldly show and pleasure.



How many therefore defected, faded off, were whispered off, and forgotten, it were hard to compute: suffice it to say that there were many from the very hearth of the true Puritan, as well as from that of the casual professor; often out of the houses of the pastors went those who are least pleasant to remember. Some to the mere world with its idlest follies; some to good and greatness in the end, chiefly through alien methods: because there were some strong, as well as many weak, while, happily, more than one church exists on the modern earth. Besides, there is this peculiar consolation to the Puritan spirit—that these seceders did undoubtedly import, to the new spheres they adopted, the fervour, the earnestness, the solemn sense of eternal realities which *it* had instilled, and of which *they* could not get rid. Whether we take the consecrated imagination, blent with divine philosophy, in a Taylor from Ongar; or Carlyle's sombre fire; or Macaulay's sumptuous vividness, that brings zeal to latitudinarianism at last, and with a cosmopolite indifference extols the providential story of England,—there is the same comfort to this said spirit as when science became eloquent in its cause through Chalmers, when poetry revived to exult in it with Wordsworth, to preach it with Coleridge and De Quincey, and when Art itself grows Puritan in the splendid style of John Ruskin. And, after all, evangelical nonconformity could do no otherwise on its own undeniable footing, the only safe one before men or angels. For all such heresies had been caught away from it by mere shows and pictures, that had then no life in them for the soul: and it was the new vitality imputed by such strength as theirs, regained in the hour of struggle, which confessedly changed the face of recent English literature, art, and science. Meantime went on in faith the direct, unswerving spirit of Foster and Hall, and of Angell James; who had looked with open eye upon these objects, but had not cared for them; less in a forbidding manner, than as strangers to their value, transient sojourners without time to possess them. It mattered nothing if some “went out from us, because they were not of us;” the temptations of intellectual luxury were as nothing, so long as the ordeal was but a purging test, a purifying trial. It was a danger by the way, truly; yet one which did not hinder the mutual progress, as it doubtless furthered the individual heavenward course.

All of a sudden, we might say, there is a vast change somewhere in this respect. None of us need to look about for the proof that this age of ours, among its other manifestations of eager activity, displays a vehement impulse towards the figurative, the graphic, the pictorial in every sense of the term, which no longer resembles a vague instinct. It rises even beyond the blind force of appetite, and cannot on the whole be called an indiscriminate desire. The large and rapid supply not only proves an immense demand, but is unable to keep pace with the growing movement, that cries out for new means and appliances, till the very highest places of power have heard, answered, pledged themselves on its account to the promised beginnings of fresh change in the State. Trivial by comparison, indeed,

with any disappointment to this visible appeal of the age, would be the postponement of cheap wine to England and cheap coals to France, of free-trade in time-pieces and articles of *vertù*, or of the readjusted franchise: if it be, at least, as it seems, a call from a whole people who have been feeding on tales and pictures innumerable,—on shows and scenes and embellishments beyond computation, as on their daily bread; yet who devour them too fast for the growers, the merchants, and the traders; who pay too much for their scanty shares, and at the same time ask for continued supplies, for doubled quantities, for multiplied resource and improved quality, with a silent inexorable firmness that is serious at the mildest view of it. For, but a little while ago, it was the mighty ignorance of the masses that gave uneasiness to educated men, and those who govern. Somewhat later, it was their rising taste for idle fiction, with the imagery of vice; their universal turn for the spurious ornaments and tinsel frames in which folly sets these, or sordid purposes deck them out for gain. Then there came melodramatic spectacles, as its more innocent kind of indulgence, with theatre-revivals, and fire-work marvels, world's exhibitions, crystal-palaces, brass bands, and gardens of universal holiday at all times for all men; and it was suspected that the invaluable prosaic content of the great English people had most dangerously ceased. *Now*, this is plain. On all sides, in a thousand forms, it is obvious; and there rise with the conviction a hundred questions.

Is the popular tendency to be trusted—as good rather than evil—on the ground, perhaps, of a native instinct for the serious, practical, and natural? Is its energetic English directness really bent toward what is healthy, solid, self-beneficial and good for the future,—above all, for what is local and domestic? Is it still resolved upon special alternations of comfortable rest, with the vigorous toil which it certainly performs in any mode required of it? It might be asked, whether, at the bottom of his heart, every true English workman is not virtually in sober earnest, even as he grows adequate to his work; and whether he does not secretly seek to solve that dilemma for himself, between his necessity and his freedom, his private lot and his public privilege, in proportion as he learns his share in that great commonwealth, whose higher regality is unseen above? It is no fanciful hypothesis, surely, that the nationality of England lies, if anywhere, in its Puritanism; and that the grand old country was for this end so isolated and set apart, with intercou<sup>r</sup>sing seas to compensate for its austere conditions and its indispensable labour. But what should here be inquired, rather, is this: Has the spirit of the age alone brought matters to their present head, with certain features of distinct promise which we shall indicate; or has any particular body had an intentional part in it, from among the number of those which profess to testify against that spirit, calling it “the spirit of the world that now is,” “discerning the spirits also,” and “considering the signs of the times?” And is it, on the one hand, impossible for the spirit of evangelical piety, unchanged but sagacious, to enlarge

the method of its dealing with the world, so as to subdue it by its own weapons? Or can the *world* itself, on the contrary, alter its spirit to a church-like temper, and, by slow degrees advancing, absorb all churches and all sects into its changed bosom—remaining the world still?—while every church sits within its own closed doors, in its own secluded, sacred way, whether devoutly musing or ceremoniously celebrating, to keep its sense unconscious till the close!

G. C.

## VII.

## GENERAL HAVELOCK.

FEW thoughtful minds, in examining the history of our Indian Empire, can have failed to perceive in what a marvellous degree that Empire has furnished a noble field for the development and application of the highest excellences in numbers of the men by whom the government has been carried on. Its history exhibits a long line of heroes, whose energies have been successfully devoted, on a grand scale, to the safety of the State, and the welfare of its subjects:—heroes, not only in scenes of battle, siege, and war, but in civilisation, in the arts of peace, in the triumphs of science, and in earnest deeds of philanthropy. From earliest days, such names have been inscribed upon its pages of renown; but they have never been so numerous, or so honoured; and their deeds have never been so praiseworthy as during the last thirty years. Col. Everest in the great survey; Major Outram among the Bheels; Col. Campbell putting down the Khond sacrifices; Eldred Pottinger defending Herat; the Punjab school of officers, the best administrators the country ever saw; and the great soldiers who, during the last twenty years, have gained deserved fame in our recent wars, or died beneath the walls of Delhi and in the sieges of Lucknow, are only specimens and illustrations of that noble race of Englishmen, who, in ceaseless succession, have, under God's wise providence, secured, enlarged, defended, consolidated, the rule of our country in the provinces of India. To one great name, standing not alone, but surrounded by many others, on the great roll of the Empire, the volume before us\* draws prominent and deserved attention. General Havelock occupied a peculiar position in the recent mutiny:—he enjoyed peculiar opportunities, on which he concentrated with promptitude, vigour, and success, the experience of his life. He

\* Memoirs of Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B. By John Clark Marshman. London: Longmans and Co. 1860.



was ready for the emergency, in which his energies were called out; and in the midst of his great influence he died, blessed by his countrymen, as the deliverer of the Empire, and the saviour of those who were ready to perish. The special value of his story is this:—it exhibits to us a man of high Christian principle, devout, consistent, and most able in his profession, kept down for years by the prejudices of unjust superiors, but at length, by stern fidelity to the cause he served, forcing his way to the highest position of usefulness, and honoured by the esteem of good men throughout the world. With his example before them, the worthy need never despair. Serving their God faithfully, how often, also, will they be found, in the highest degree, approved of men.

For this most able and interesting biography of Havelock, we are indebted to his brother-in-law, Mr. Marshman. Those who have perused his previous work, the "Lives of the Great Missionaries who founded Serampore," will look in the present work for abundance of authentic facts, clearly narrated, forcibly put, and giving a full and striking portrait of the man whose story it tells. In all this they will not be disappointed. In style, fulness of illustration and finish, they will find the work an improvement on its predecessors. Deficient as a biography, in giving little of the private, personal, and family character of the man, it tells the story of his public life in a way that fascinates the attention of the reader, and compels him to read on until the close. It is by no means long. The author has avoided the great error of modern biographers, in giving us a single volume in most readable type, and concentrating attention upon the most striking features of his hero's history. Several quiet years are passed over in a few pages, but whole chapters are devoted to the stirring themes of the Affghan war, the Punjab campaigns, the Persian expedition, and the relief of Lucknow. To this judicious brevity, united where necessary to complete fulness of detail, which has given us a most tangible and readable biography, we feel constrained to give our emphatic approval. We trust the volume will meet with the solid success which it deserves; that it will carry the name, the deeds and high example of our modern Puritan soldier into the families of our country; and that it will stimulate many of our youth to the conscientious discharge of duty as the great rule of life; showing that such fidelity always gives inward peace, and may at times be honoured with extensive approval even by a gainsaying world. With a view to introduce the work to our readers, and prepare the way for a full appreciation of its contents, we present them with the following brief sketch of the information it contains:—

HENRY HAVELOCK was born in 1795, in a Sunderland family of some wealth, and was one of three brothers, all distinguished as soldiers in India. He was educated in the Charterhouse School, and with Julius Hare, Sir W. Norris, Thirlwall, Grote, and others, as his companions, acquired a sound, useful education. The failing fortunes of his father compelled him to turn his thoughts to some

profession. His mother wished him to study for the bar, to which his father was opposed; and in the end, through the influence of his brother, he joined the army, in the 95th Regiment, under the training of Sir Harry Smith, shortly after the battle of Waterloo. The exhaustion of the long war just then left military life peculiarly idle; but Havelock occupied his numerous leisure hours by studying with deep and growing interest the theory of his profession. Works on fortification, sieges, battles, he read with great avidity; he mastered the science of war, the modes of operation which it adopts, the movements and plans of the great authorities, the why and the wherefore of their success or failure. Years after, he was accustomed to amuse and instruct his family and friends by recounting the history of great battles, illustrating their progress, and the reasons of the success which followed on one side. He thus became possessed of great resources, was well acquainted with the most important precedents, and was ready for the emergencies into which on several occasions he was thrown.

In 1822, he proceeded to India, as a lieutenant of the 13th Regiment. On the voyage, under the teaching of a pious brother-officer, still living, the religious impressions of youth were revived, and he was enabled to make a surrender of himself to the Saviour, from which he never drew back. On the breaking out of the first Burmese war, in 1824, he proceeded to that country with his regiment, and greatly distinguished himself both with his men and in the staff duties to which he was appointed. He shared in the attack on the Great Pagoda, the fortress of Rangoon, also in several single skirmishes; and was very zealous in giving to his men the opportunity of religious teaching, of which in an ordinary way they would have been altogether deprived. Severe illness, brought on by the damp heat of Pegu, drove him for a time to the hills of Bombay; but he rejoined the army, marched up with it towards Ava, and finally was appointed as one of the Commissioners to receive the ratifications of the Treaty of Peace. With his faculties stirred up by the personal experiences of his first campaign, on his return to Bengal, Havelock wrote a small work on its history and proceedings, able, honest and discriminating, exhibiting very clearly the germs of the great military abilities and knowledge with which he was endowed.

To this brief period of activity succeeded a period of rest that lasted twelve years. Befriended by Colonel Cotton, he secured one or two staff appointments, the Adjutancy of the Royal regiments at Chinsurah, and so on; but was once and again sent back to ordinary regimental duty. In 1829, he became a Baptist, and married a daughter of Dr. Marshman, at Serampore. During these years, he travelled with the regiment to Dinapore, Cawnpore, and Agra; but wherever he went, he showed his high appreciation of the principle, that to the English soldier, on whom in India so much depends, the greatest care and consideration should be shown. Havelock valued his men greatly; and he looked after their barrack comforts, their

dress, food, and drink; their means of instruction; and, above all, their means of grace. Chapels, with retiring rooms for prayer, he was always anxious to secure for them, and he was frequently their minister on the Sabbath-day. Objections to such a practice were answered by the fact that *his* men were the most sober, orderly, and well-conducted men in the regiment; and elicited from Colonel Sale the expressive wish that the entire regiment were Baptists. He was then, as afterwards, what Lord Hardinge described as "every inch a soldier, and every inch a Christian." In 1835, at the special appointment of Lord W. Bentinck, he became Adjutant of the 13th; and retained that responsible and, to him, lucrative post for more than three years. In '38, he became a Captain, having been a neglected subaltern officer for no less than twenty-two years, and having arrived at the sober age of forty-three. From this time, however, he began to rise, and stirring events brought prominently before the military authorities in India the great abilities by which he was distinguished.

In 1838, began the iniquitous Affghan war. The Courts of Russia and Persia had set on foot intrigues by which the kingdoms of Central Asia might be brought under their influence, and the valuable entrance into India be secured; and without giving warning, the Persian army sat down to besiege Herat, the key of Candahar. Dost Mahomed, alarmed for his rule in Affghanistan, appealed to the English Government in Calcutta; but Lord Auckland and his advisers declined the aid he asked, and to save himself he made terms with his opponents. Lord Auckland then forbade him to form any such alliances; and, to punish him for doing so, resolved to drive him from Cabul, and seat upon the throne a wretched puppet, Shah Soojah, who had been expelled in a revolution many years before. With this object, so utterly unjust, the expedition to Affghanistan was set on foot; and a large army of English and native regiments marched to Candahar. Meanwhile the ultimate end of the expedition, the safety of the empire from Russian intrigue, had already been secured. When the Persian army sat down before Herat, a young Lieutenant, Eldred Pottinger, happened to be in the town. Stirred up by his exhortations, and guided by his advice, the ruler of Herat and his people boldly resisted their assailants. Breaches in the walls were stopped, supplies were laid up, the gates secured, all attacks were beaten off; and for eight months, sustained and guided by this single Englishman, the Heratees warded off successfully the evil designs of their disciplined and numerous foes. The English fleet also seized the island of Karrak in the Persian Gulf, and alarmed for himself, afraid lest an English force should march upon his own capital, the Shah of Persia raised the siege, left Herat free, and made peace with all concerned. The Russian plans met with complete failure; and the Indian frontiers remained secure.

Well might Lord Auckland have given up altogether his projects against Dost Mahomed, and have endeavoured to conciliate the man whom he had threatened. But, infatuated and ill-judging, he re-



solved (as he thought) to maintain the English name by casting him from his throne, and placing there in his stead the expelled King, Shah Soojah, whom the Affghan chiefs and people regarded with hatred and contempt. Dost Mahomed had committed no crime: he was an independent ruler; and on no ground of right whatsoever could Lord Auckland lay a finger on him or on his kingdom. But the atrocious plan was formed of expelling him; and the army marched to Candahar. Havelock proceeded thither with his regiment; and soon obtained an appointment on the staff, among the many distinguished officers whom the war had summoned to that country. They of course had nothing to do with the merits of the political question; though it now appears, from the recently published and unmutated despatches of Sir Alexander Burnes, for which the country are deeply indebted to Mr. Hadfield, Mr. Black, and other Members of the House of Commons, that that distinguished officer was very much opposed to the whole scheme, and saw its gross injustice. The army marched on:—arrived at Gluznee, and being unprovided with siege guns, cleverly blew open the gate with powder-bags, and rushing in, obtained possession after a short, sharp struggle. Havelock was on duty with the Commander, and narrowly saved Colonel Sale from being killed by a huge Affghan who had attacked him. The capture of Cabul followed; Dost Mahomed became a fugitive, then a voluntary prisoner; and was sent down to Calcutta in honourable exile.

But the triumphing of the wicked was short. Deceived by the apparent submission of the Affghans, and appalled by the expensiveness of their barren conquest, the Government ordered the return to India of a considerable portion of the invading army. Five thousand men were left in Cabul; and the 13th Regiment, under Colonel Sale, with Havelock, Captain Broadfoot, and others, began its march towards Peshawur. They were molested at every step, paused for more camels and supplies, pushed on amid continued opposition, and at last reached the town and valley of Jellalabad, embosomed in the hills of Eastern Affghanistan. Surrounded by enemies, anxious for their friends behind, unable to run the gauntlet of the Khyber Pass before, the little force resolved to secure Jellalabad as an important post, the key of the province, and to defend themselves to the last, till reinforcements should reach them from the plains of India. Among the little band of officers, none distinguished themselves so greatly as Havelock and Broadfoot. Both thorough soldiers, chivalrous, earnest, generous, they were close personal friends; they said things much alike, and were in contrivance and resource the life of the little garrison. But their friendship and their union did not pass into things unseen. Havelock was a Christian:—Broadfoot was a sceptic, indifferent to the claims of personal religion. It was under the latter's advice that the walls of Jellalabad were restored, gates set up, ditches dug, and bastions formed and mounted with guns; and the whole place put into a state of complete defence. The amount of labour and skill employed in these works has never

been exceeded in India, unless by the similar plans in the recent defence of Lucknow. The spirit of the troops was excellent:—they had no temptations to drunkenness; they worked in a cold, bracing air; and Havelock, by his religious teachings, supplied them with means of grace. United, healthy, determined, the little force possessed a might and a strength of which larger numbers were totally destitute.

They were prepared only in time. The army at Cabul had no such defence. Its leaders disagreed with each other; adopted no precautions; believed in no danger; and were totally unprepared when it appeared. Suddenly the Affghans rose in insurrection; the Envoy, Sir W. Macnaghten was murdered; the troops, capitulating, marched out of the city on the way to India, were treacherously attacked and all destroyed; a few officers and their wives remained captive among the chiefs; and only one survivor of the ruined regiments, Dr. Brydon, managed to make good his escape, reached Jellalabad in safety, and told the garrison the tale of horror. They were all that were left alive of the invading army, and were surrounded by enemies on every side!

Very soon after, in February, 1842, Akbar Khan, the son of Dost Mahomed, came down into the valley with all his clans. But the steady fire from the walls drove him back, and he encamped some five miles from the town. Suddenly an awful earthquake, lasting for many seconds, tossed and rocked the whole country: its shocks were repeated, and all the defences of the garrison were laid in ruins; bastions fell, huge rents were seen in the walls, ditches were filled up, and they seemed at the mercy of their foes. But the latter had suffered also, and were terribly appalled. Broadfoot and Havelock, however, were equal to the occasion:—the troops were summoned; were encouraged to hold on by stirring words; returned to their work of defence; and in a few days so well repaired the damage, that when the enemy came once more upon them, they declared that the English defences were the only thing that had escaped destruction in the entire district. Suffering from want of provisions, the garrison endeavoured to make successful raids upon the flocks of their foes, and did manage to add slightly to their supplies. At length, afraid of being starved before General Pollock could march from Peshawur to their relief, Havelock suggested that they should fight their foe upon the open plain; and the plan was adopted. Keeping well together, and led by their able officers, the 13th and their native supporters fought manfully their vindictive enemies, routed them utterly, seized all their camp, stores, and flocks, cleared the valley, and found themselves in possession of abundance. A few days after, General Pollock arrived; the force retook Cabul, and under Havelock's direction, Istaliff; and then retired finally to the plains. Nothing was retained in the whole country, as the price of all this disgrace, and blood, and crime. The whole was restored to Dost Mahomed.

Havelock, at the end of the war, was still a Captain; Broadfoot, Sale, and others, received the rewards they deserved; but Havelock

received almost nothing. Next year, however, he became Major, and, as Persian Interpreter to the Commander-in-Chief, he was always at head-quarters. During 1843, he moved with the army to Gwalior, was present at the battle of Maharajpore, and criticised in severe terms the strategic operations of Sir Hugh Gough, which were conducted almost without plan.

Within two years broke out the first Punjab war, and Havelock was again involved in hostilities, with as great credit to himself as before. The great ruler of the Punjab, Runjeet Singh, who had united all the divisions of the province under his rule, had disciplined his large Sikh army on a French model, and placed French officers at its head, had always stood in awe of the English Government, and maintained with them the most friendly relations. He died during the Affghan war:—the State fell into great disorder; numerous chiefs and factions contended for the mastery; the Sikh army, having never tested their powers with the English, despised them after their Affghan failure; and at length the authorities, to save themselves, encouraged them in their purpose to cross the Sutledge, attack the English troops, and march to plunder Delhi. Suddenly fifty thousand men marched from Lahore, crossed the river, and stood upon English ground. Major Broadfoot had warned Lord Hardinge of their coming; but, moderate beyond all bounds of prudence, he would make no preparations, and move no troops, for fear of precipitating a collision; and when the Sikhs arrived, the country was entirely open to their attack. The English army was hastily gathered by long marches, unparalleled in Indian history; and though few in number, fought with their usual steadiness, though the Sikhs proved the most formidable and best-arrayed foe they had ever hitherto met with. The contests were dreadful, bloody, and obstinate in the extreme. The sepoys were on several occasions driven back; English regiments were so cut down by the deadly artillery as to pause in their onward march of attack. Four times within two months they met face to face, contending for every inch of ground; and on one occasion, rather through the providence of God than any power of their own, were the English forces saved from overwhelming ruin. At Moodkee, at Ferozshubur, at Aliwal, and finally at Sohraon, the two armies met in close, long, and earnest fight; but the Sikhs succumbed, and thousands of them were destroyed. Sale, Broadfoot, and many others were killed in these bloody battles. All Havelock's genius was brought out in studying the capabilities of their position, and providing means to meet it; but again, as before, though distinguished in action as in counsel, he received no very substantial reward, being only appointed Deputy Adjutant-General at Bombay.

The Sikhs were subdued, and, placed under their own chiefs, with an English counsel to control them, remained quiet two years; when the Dewan Moolraj, at Mooltan, declared himself independent, murdered two English officers, and called the Sikhs around him. Shere Singh and his father did the same, and the second Punjab

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war commenced. At Ramnugger, at Chillianwalla, and at Goozerat, the Sikh armies once more met the English in stern conflict, but were in the last engagement totally defeated; and the Punjab was annexed to the English Empire. Havelock remained at Bombay during the war; but wrote the most able criticisms upon the conduct of its operations. At Ramnugger, he lost his eldest brother William.

In 1849, he had been twenty-six years in India, without one visit to England to recruit his strength; during the last ten years had seen some very hard campaigning in the Affghan and Punjab wars; and had, in all, taken part in twenty-two fights. Mrs. Havelock had embarked for England with all her family: and, at length, he was so reduced, that the doctors sent him home also. His two years in Europe he enjoyed greatly, visiting old friends like Archdeacon Hare and Sir W. Norris; attending the military authorities, like Lord Hardinge; seeking after health at the German baths; and watching over the education of his children. He returned, however, to his post at Bombay at the close of 1851, was separated from most of the family, and never saw them more. He was, however, rising nearer the higher offices and emoluments which he ought to have received years before. He had long struggled with comparative poverty, and often contemplated retiring from the army altogether. The gloom of the day, however, changed at last; peace and prosperity came in before evening, and his sun set in a radiant glory that will never be forgotten while Englishmen rule in India. In 1854, on the death of Colonel Mountain, Colonel Markham became the Adjutant-General of Queen's troops in India; an appointment which had been the object of Havelock's desire for many years, and for which he had strong claims. Lord Hardinge, however, did not forget him:—he was made Quarter Master-General, on the same salary, and with comparatively little work. And when a few months later, Colonel Markham received his promotion as Major-General, Havelock stepped into the office which he had so long sought; and so remained till he was called away by Lord Elphinstone to engage in the Persian war.

The opening months of 1857, the last year of his life, found him at Bushire. Forgetful of the lesson taught him twenty years before, the Persian monarch had been again intriguing in Central Asia, and once more sent his armies to besiege Herat. The English Government some time before had been thoroughly reconciled to Dost Mahomed, had acknowledged their former errors, and now successfully aided him by money and advice to maintain his own position as ruler of the Affghan clans. A small expedition was promptly sent to the Persian Gulf; and Persia, wounded in her most vulnerable part—the sea-coast towns—was compelled to give up her foolish and ambitious schemes. Havelock had been consulted by the authorities as to the best man to head the expedition; and, without hesitation, suggested General Outram, who was accordingly appointed. On the other hand, Sir James Outram,

being asked by Lord Elphinstone whom he would like to command one of his brigades, at once asked for Havelock; and thus the two friends, thorough soldiers and wise counsellors, found themselves side by side in defending the integrity of the Indian Empire against their old antagonist. The advance, both of army and navy, up the Euphrates to the attack of Mohumra, was planned, arranged, and carried out by Havelock with that clearness of conception and perfect mastery of detail, in which his great military genius always shone. The attack on the town, and subsequently on Ahwaz, was perfectly successful; the war suddenly came to an end; peace was signed; Herat was restored; and the English troops immediately returned to Bombay.

When Havelock reached Bombay, the Indian mutiny had broken out, the massacre at Delhi had been accomplished, and the city was in possession of the insurgents. He saw the crisis at a glance, followed the English regiments immediately to Calcutta, drew up an able memoir on the bearings of the mutiny and the best mode of suppressing it, and offered his services to the Governor-General in any capacity or post for which he might be fitted. When he reached Calcutta, the whole of the North-West Provinces were in revolt as far down as Allahabad; in two or three stations the English being masters only of the ground they stood upon. Havelock had suggested that, with a view to reconquer the country, a moveable column should be formed, that should make the Fort of Allahabad its starting point, and being well reinforced, should step by step advance to the relief of the garrisons of Cawnpore and Lucknow, and crush out rebellion as it went on. The plan was quite approved by Sir Patrick Grant, and three days after his arrival, Havelock, now a Brigadier-General, was appointed to command it. He hastened to the scene of action, and at once proceeded to form the column and provide it with carriage and supplies. His men were few in number, the rainy season was coming on; the massacre of Cawnpore, just perpetrated, left the whole country in opposition; but the peril of Lucknow was imminent, and with indomitable energy he determined to carry his design into effect. In all his efforts he was most ably seconded by Colonel Neile; the first detachment marched under Major Renaud; and at length, with a thousand English bayonets, a small body of cavalry, and six guns, Havelock himself followed.

That wonderful march—the boldness and success of which at once drew the eyes of the civilised world—which was the first successful effort to roll back the fearful tide of slaughter and rebellion which had deluged the Upper Provinces, cannot be described in a few lines. It is not yet forgotten; and allusion to its great results will here suffice. Four times did the little band of heroes fight and conquer the murderers of our countrymen, before they stood upon the blood-stained soil of Cawnpore. They captured Bithoor; crossed the Ganges; and commenced their march to Lucknow:—again and again they stormed the walled villages, full of Sepoys; they had fought twelve battles; but were compelled by cholera and their number of

wounded, to return to Cawnpore. Two months passed in these contests and in gathering the reinforcements, without which advance was impossible. The wounded were sent down to Allahabad; and at length, at the end of September, Sir James Outram arrived, and, with his well-known chivalry, declining to deprive his friend of the success he had deserved, the new force, still under Havelock's command, set out resolutely for Lucknow. How they fought the enemy; how they encamped and marched, and marched again, amid a deluge of rain; how they reached the outskirts of the wicked city, and threading the streets, attacked at every step, made good their way, amid blinding and destructive fire, till they reached the Residency, and saved the beleaguered garrison—the whole world has heard. No such march, no such indomitable courage, no better-deserved success is known in modern military history. India was really lost and won at Delhi; but next to the siege and assault of that guilty town, no event had such a powerful bearing upon the mutiny in general, as Havelock's march to Lucknow.

The garrison was saved and reinforced. Henceforth they lived in comparative quiet, though completely surrounded by the enemy and half-starved; till, at the end of November, the advance of Sir Colin Campbell set them once more free. But Havelock's work was done. A few days only elapsed after their retirement from the Residency, before disease, which had been coming on him, broke down his strength; and the stern Puritan soldier was gathered to his fathers. Most appropriately he was buried beneath the trees of the Alumbagh, in the soil which his noble courage and skill had reconquered for his country. Meanwhile the news of his first success had in Europe attracted the admiration of all, who were intently watching the crisis in our Indian affairs; and with profound respect was it acknowledged that to a bold, outspoken and consistent Christian, the country was indebted for this first great effort in putting the mutiny down. His name was spoken with praise on every hand:—he was knighted; made a Major-General; received a good-service pension; and at length was made a baronet, the baronetcy being dated three days after his death. Higher honours, wealth, and rank, were in reserve for him. But he was gone to the presence of the Master, whose approval he had ever made the aim of his life, and in whose service he had laboured long. Neglected for years, he had now proved true all that his best friends had believed respecting his military skill, his undaunted courage, his fertility of resource, his Christian principle; he had given all to his country; and in giving all, had added life beside. Long may the memory of such examples stir the youth of Britain! Long may they feel that, whatever be the work assigned to man in life, thorough consecration to Christ, obedience to Christian principle, fidelity to human duty, give peace to the soul that can bear all disappointment, and enable a man to complete the great end of life by serving his generation according to the will of God!

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## VIII.

## A BRACE OF FRENCH PAMPHLETS.\*

THE French are certainly at this moment the most pamphlet-writing people in Europe. The Italian question, the amalgamation of Savoy, the commercial treaty, the recent excommunications, have produced a perfect swarm of these ephemera of the press; and we have now before us a list of no fewer than sixty-two pamphlets on these subjects, issued by a single Parisian publisher. One of the most amusing of these brochures is "*La Nouvelle Carte d'Europe*," from the brilliant and facile pen of M. Edward About. If he possessed one of those enchanted rings or lamps that have disappeared since the days of Aladdin, M. About would work a wonderful transformation on the map of Europe; and not only upon it, but also upon Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, Persia, and the vast territories lying between Russia and the north-west provinces of our Indian Empire.

At the outset of his pamphlet, M. About supposes some travellers to have met by chance in the Hotel du Louvre, to have dined together, and to have gradually become on friendly and familiar terms. These travellers are of different nations. There is a tall French captain, born of a family of soldiers, and nephew of a lieutenant of artillery; a handsome Englishwoman, at the head of the great export house of Purse, Pocket, and Co.; an old Roman monk, of gentle and decent aspect; a good-looking Piedmontese subaltern officer, with a keen appetite and long moustache; a Turk of Constantinople, with 750 wives, and a slight propensity to fall asleep; a portly Russian, clever and handsome; a square-built Prussian; a tall, slight, eloquent American; and, lastly, two young men between 24 and 30, the one born at Vienna, and the other at Naples. Such are the interlocutors who gradually become engaged in the all-absorbing topic of politics. At last, in the midst of an animated and noisy discussion, the Piedmontese proposes that, as the principal nations of Europe, and even America, are fully represented, they should form themselves into a congress, and discuss the affairs of Europe. The old monk and the two youths of Naples and Vienna object that many subjects do not admit of discussion, but both the Frenchman and American affirm that all things may be discussed, and the latter concludes an address to the company, in the following terms:—"In America, we are convinced that the august prerogative of sovereignty belongs to the people as least as much as to kings. Princes only exercise sovereignty by our delegation in one half of the world, and by our permission in the other. It is we who give them the sceptre, in the countries where universal suffrage prevails,

\* *La Nouvelle Carte d'Europe*, par Edmond About.

*La Coalition*. Paris: E. Dentu, Libraire-Editeur. 1860.

or who, in other countries, suffer it to remain within their hands. We have placed them on the throne, or we permit them to occupy it: they reign there only by our good-will. Shall it be said that they have experience of which we are destitute, or that they possess enlightenment which we want? No; for those who, before arriving at sovereign power, have been compelled by circumstances, or led by the happy constitution of their minds, to acquire that experience and enlightenment, are extremely rare; other sovereigns waste nine-tenths of their time in witnessing reviews, or receiving ambassadors, in listening to frivolities, and in distributing bows, while we study history and politics. Add, if you please, that we are perfectly disinterested in our partition of Europe, whilst a congress of sovereigns would permit itself to be influenced, in one way or another, by family interests. We are kings, we are competent, we are just. Let us deliberate!"

The American's peroration is received with thunders of applause, and the *séance* of the self-constituted Congress opens under the presidency of the French captain. But a difficulty occurs: they want a Secretary who will register their deliberations, but who cannot betray them. But everything is to be found in that wonderful Hotel du Louvre; and the landlord, on being summoned, furnishes them with a dumb waiter, who takes his place at the desk without being sworn in. Thereupon the President, alleging that the Eastern Question is the most important to the repose of Europe, addresses himself to the Turk, whom he terms the "Sick Man," and desires him to speak, especially if he wishes to make a will. The indolent Turk is with difficulty made to understand that he represents the Ottoman Empire, and that his friends are the Powers of Europe assembled in Congress; at length, however, after mastering the situation, drinking a glass of water, and yawning three times, he thus expresses himself:—"Gentlemen, I have no money, and my paper won't pass current. My ministers have invented a new tax, which might extricate us from our difficulties, but no one will pay it. My soldiers being neither shod nor fed, will neither march nor fight; behold me, then, defenceless alike against enemies from within and without. The Greeks, who are numerous in my empire, and in the majority in several provinces, revolt on all sides. The old Turks turn their backs upon me, because I have signed an Edict of Toleration; the Rayahs and the Franks conspire against me, because I do not carry out the Edict after having signed it. The Turkish race is, I know not wherefore, growing feeble and dying out. The races conquered by Mahomet the Second and his successors, imperiously demand the right of self-government, and M. Saint-Girardin supports them in the *Journal des Débats*. Nor is this all:—a powerful enemy, whom France, Piedmont, and England, some years ago repulsed, not without difficulty, is preparing to recommence the war, and is pushing actively forward his lines of railway in the direction of my provinces. What will become of us, if the armies of the Czar repass the Pruth? Marshal Pelissier, who extricated us by taking

Sebastopol, would not refuse to save us a second time ; but you have warned me that Europe will do nothing more. In the face of my difficulties and dangers, and of your abandonment, it only remains for me to recognize with submission an irresistible Fatality. I could, however, prove to you that Turkey is not the country of Europe which has made the least progress during the last twenty years. But your minds are made up, and I would preach in the desert. I yield ; too happy if I am permitted to save something. I myself, Commander of the Faithful, Spiritual Chief of twenty-three millions of men, have resolved to abdicate temporal power, and to retire into the Holy City of Medinah, with a hundred women and some bushels of diamonds. Seated on a Smyrna carpet, near the tomb of the Prophet, I shall afford an example of Mussulman virtues ; and shall exercise in peace religious authority, leaving the rest to the disposal of Europe."

The Italian monk is at first inclined to triumph over the humbled infidel ; but on being reminded by the President that the Turk has behaved like a gentleman, and has given in his abdication, without excommunicating any of his enemies, he acknowledges his fault, kisses the Turk—who has by this time fallen asleep—on both cheeks, and then speaking as Pope, concludes a long address in the following terms :—"They say that I have no regard for human life, provided that my rights are protected. Alas ! my heart every day reproaches me with the blood that has been spilt to preserve or to restore me my crown. It is, therefore, my dearest children, that I would wish to return to the majestic simplicity of the Apostle Peter, who never lost the Romagna, because he never possessed it. My only ambition is to reign modestly over 139,000,000 of souls. I say 139,000,000, as we are among ourselves ; elsewhere, I would say 200,000,000. And I shall conduct 139,000,000 of the faithful on the road to Paradise, without causing the death of any one ! Remember also, I beg, those nine millions of acres which I was unable either to cultivate or to govern. The soil will produce splendid crops : it has lain fallow long enough. Build for me a cottage at Jerusalem, with a chamber on the second storey for Cardinal Antonelli. I should experience a want, if I did not perceive him above me. The smaller the house, as was said by the first journalist of our day, the greater will be the Pontiff. There, freed from the cares of earth, we shall devote ourselves to spiritual interests which have suffered somewhat through our neglect. We shall renovate doctrine which waxes old : we shall draw up a new code of Christian morality : the last mediæval date is out of season. We shall purify the lives of the Saints, so that everyone may read them. M. Dupanloup will occasionally come to see us ; we shall teach him the modesty of the priest and the politeness of the gentleman. If also you would construct a small cage at the bottom of the garden, I would not even despair of taming M. Veuillot. Meanwhile Italy, restored to the privilege of self-government, will gradually console herself for the evil we have done. She will construct railways, establish electric telegraphs, institute manu-

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factures, print good books. And our well-beloved son, the King of Sardinia, cured of the thunder-stroke which we launched against him, will apply himself, as before, to his natural duties. Amen!"

Thus far the good Pope; and his audience, touched with his evangelical spirit, admire and applaud him, especially the Peidmontese officer, who strains him in a warm embrace. But now the youthful representative of Austria, springing up, exclaims with the vivacity of his age—"I accept the inheritance of the Holy See in Italy! I accept the succession of the Sultan! I accept everything! It is the traditional policy of Austria!" Noticing, however, that the French captain smiles sarcastically and strokes his moustache at this characteristic outburst, he resumes more modestly—"If, however, Europe objects, I shall accept nothing at all; for my affairs are at present in such a condition that I am no longer able to impose my will by force."

Here the fair representative of the great export house of Purse, Pocket, and Co., breaks in, and addresses the young Austrian in the following terms:—"My dear child, permit the mother of a family to give you wise advice. My nation wish you neither good nor evil, as they have proved by abstaining both from attacking and defending you. England has left you, as was her true policy, to fight it out with the French and Italians. Thus she has remained the ally of France, and the protector *in partibus* of Italian liberty, as well as your friend, without being put to the expense of a man or a shilling. The good advice which I offer you will compromise neither my budget nor my neutrality. Believe me, my dear child, don't seek to aggrandise yourself. The rage for annexation has ruined the House of Austria, as the mania for land has ruined the good and excellent Lamartine. Lamartine and you are not competent to the management of your affairs, in spite of, or rather, owing to the extent of your domains. What has Lamartine done? He has put up his estates for sale, in order to pay his debts honourably. Try and profit by his example. If you do not take a decided step, soon and quickly, you will next reign at Clichy.\* Make haste, then, to sell some good pieces of land, to pay off the incumbrances which press upon the rent of your States. Sell Venetia to the Italians, Hungary to the Hungarians, Gallicia to the Poles. It is better to sell privately than to be forcibly dispossessed. If you make a good bargain with your oppressed subjects, every one will gain by it, and you yourself more than any one. You will escape the disgrace of bankruptcy, you will pay your debts, and there will remain, after all is done, several millions of francs. These you will employ in the improvement of a small territory, very tranquil, very German, the possession of which no one will dispute with you. But when I see you coveting the inheritance of the Pope and the Sultan as a remedy for your embarrassments, I compare you to a man overwhelmed with debt, who should accept the succession to two insol-

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\* The debtor's prison at Paris.

vents." The young Austrian, seeing that the sense of the Congress is against his pretensions to Italy and Turkey, puts in a claim upon Moldavia and Wallachia, which is also disallowed, and the right of these two rich and extensive provinces to choose their own governors asserted. A discussion then ensues as to whether the Italians are to be considered politically majors or minors, fitted or unfitted to be entrusted with the privilege of electing their own rulers. The bare idea of such a power being intrusted to them horrifies the two young men of Naples and Vienna; the former of whom declares that, in such an event, his kingdom would be lost, as the people of the two Sicilies desire nothing better than to escape from the sway of their rulers. The President attempts to reassure him by pointing out how he may counteract the effect of his subjects being brought into immediate contact with States under the free and equal laws of Sardinia. He recommends him to exercise his despotic power by changing the constitution, correcting abuses, demolishing some of his prisons, putting an end to torture, and dismissing five or six thousand agents of the police. In this way he may yet reign for five or six months, a long term for a Bourbon; but, by the 1st of January next, he predicts that all Italy will be Piedmontese.

Having thus settled the Italian, the Congress resume consideration of the more important Eastern Question, upon which the Russian claims to be heard. He asserts that the subjects of the Sultan are yet in their political minority—far too young to govern themselves; and he expresses himself willing to relieve them of that responsibility. Against this many voices are raised; but the majority are willing to acknowledge that, since the days of Peter the Great, the sovereigns of Russia have assisted the cause of progress, and have created around them, and propagated by conquest, a state of things half-way between barbarism and civilization. The wily Russian takes advantage of this feeling to insist that it has been from no interested views that Russia has pushed her conquests so far, but solely from the benevolent wish to humanize and civilize the barbarous East; and he expresses himself willing to accept of the most rude and remote provinces of the Turkish empire, as it is there that his sway will be most beneficial. Finally, the Congress determine to make over Egypt to the fair representative of Purse, Pocket, and Co., who accepts it—always subject to the approval of her Parliament, as she fears Lord John Russell and Mr. Kinglake, who declaim till they are red in the face at the mere mention of the word annexation. In return for Egypt, she undertakes to carry out the Suez Canal, and to give up Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands. The Russian, afterwards, not to be outdone in generosity, proposes to make over Turkey in Europe and Asia Minor to the Greeks, with Constantinople as their capital; and he further proposes to resuscitate Poland as a perpetual barrier between Russia and the other States of Europe. This last proposition is hailed with universal applause and enthusiasm; and the Russian obtains Syria as a reward for his disinterestedness, with leave to push his conquests in Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, Cabul,

Beloochistan, and Central Asia. Upon which, the new proprietors of Egypt and Syria shake hands in token of friendship and of good neighbourhood. But now the Prussian, who has hitherto remained silent, comes forward with visible disquietude to inquire whether it is meant that he should give up the Grand Duchy of Posen to complete the proposed restoration of Poland. On learning that such is the meaning of the Congress, he inquires where he is to look for compensation for the loss of one of the fairest provinces of his kingdom, and is directed to the petty States of Germany. "If we demand of you," says the President, "the sacrifice of your Polish possessions, it is for the general tranquillity of Europe, and for the special benefit of an unfortunate nation that has endured much suffering; but the Prussian monarchy, for the same reasons, may aggrandize itself in Germany. The Middle Age has left around you a number of microscopic States, parcelled out by chance, in one and the same nation. Reunite these unhappy little monarchies. Consult the people: they will be too happy to blend themselves into a great kingdom, and thus to save 90 per cent. on the general expenses of government. As soon as public opinion shall have announced itself, annex boldly. You have the lever and the fulcrum: the lever is universal suffrage—the fulcrum is a good army. There needs nothing more to carry off a province: Archimedes has said so before us. That system of annexation will be fortunate for everybody, but especially for the new subjects of Prussia.

In return for this roving commission of annexation among the petty principalities of Germany, the Prussian offers to France his provinces situated on the left bank of the Rhine; but the representative of France positively refuses to accept them, and declares himself ready to spend his last crown, and risk his last man, rather than increase the territorial limits of France. "I made war in the Crimea for the Turks, in Italy for the Italians; I am ready to make it again, if absolutely necessary, in support of some great principle. But may I die at St. Helena, if I ever covet a single half-league of territory! You have heard (addressing the Englishwoman) the speeches of your Parliament, you have read the diatribes of your journals, when my faithful ally the King of Sardinia, and the vote of the people, compelled me to accept some mountain slopes. From that day I swore that I would take no more." The President afterwards proceeds to congratulate himself on the saving which this remodelling of Europe will enable him to effect by reducing the French army, upon the vast internal improvements he will be able to effect, on the development which confirmed peace will give to his new commercial treaty with England; and ends by declaring that all abuses shall be corrected, all rights protected, and that he has no more cherished object of ambition than that the French nation shall be freer, more enlightened, happier, and greater than ever. The reply of the fair head of the house of Purse, Pocket, and Co. to this high-sounding harangue is very characteristic. She embraces the orator, and exclaims—"France is very fortunate in possessing a man like you. You have my esteem



and my friendship; and I promise to serve you as a faithful ally, whenever I shall find it my interest to do so."

Very different in character from M. About's pleasant and clever brochure, is the pamphlet which we are now to examine. It breathes throughout an intense hatred to England, exhibits an intimate knowledge of her strength and weakness, and displays a thorough acquaintance with the present political state of Europe, and of the changes which have taken place since 1815. Tracing the history of Europe from the Holy Alliance to the present time, he asserts that England is about to form a second Holy Alliance against France; and, proceeding upon this gratuitous assumption, he says:—"England cannot be the soul of a coalition; that which serves to separate cannot serve to combine; the influence which enfeebles cannot possibly strengthen. The nation that has placed her interests so completely in opposition to all European interests, that her prosperity is an almost inevitable consequence of the ruin of others, cannot hope that they will again wish to contend for her profit. Lord John Russell has said that Napoleon the Third, in accepting Savoy, has incurred the suspicions of England. Whatever these suspicions may be, they will never be either as strong or as numerous as those which the Cabinet of London everywhere inspires." Then comes the following significant and characteristic burst of self-glorification:—"And now, let us fix our regards upon France. We behold her strong by the principle which she represents, by her government, by her generous impulses; strong also by her armies and by her fleets. She would have all these to oppose to a coalition, if, to suppose an impossibility, and in spite of all the obstacles that we have pointed out, a coalition could be formed against her. Ah! we are far removed from Waterloo. We are no longer fatigued, exhausted, ruined by twenty years of heroic warfare. We have profited by the forty-five years of peace, which Providence has granted us, to recruit our forces, to invigorate our patriotism. Our African wars have occupied the leisure of the most valiant army in Europe, and have accustomed it to victory. We have first-rate carabines, which carry far and true, and cannons which can sweep down men at two or three miles distance. Our army numbers 600,000 men; and, if our frontiers were menaced, there would be in France as many soldiers as Frenchmen. We can also fight at sea. We have built gigantic vessels, covered with iron, and bristling with a triple row of guns; we have strong gun-boats; in short, a powerful and well-manned navy, of which we were formerly destitute. Europe would be appalled if she knew of what heroic and impassioned resistance we are capable rather than submit to fresh affronts."

Having thus satisfactorily disposed of the coalition against France, he confidently affirms the present political aspect and tendency of continental Europe to be unfavourable to England, who has abused her naval supremacy, and everywhere made enemies to herself. "Now," he says, "these enemies begin to reckon up their forces,

and have just begun to perceive that, by uniting their forces, they would easily become masters of the situation. England rules only by her fleet. There are in Europe two or three maritime powers which, were they to combine, could hold in check all the English fleets. Let France ally herself to Russia and Denmark, and the North Sea and Euxine are closed to the English. Let her summon Spain and Portugal to join that alliance, there is no longer a Mediterranean—no longer an ocean for the English. Their island of Malta, their Gibraltar, will soon be only the dreams of a fallen ambition—the perished memories of a superb dominion. Russia watches Constantinople, when she sees the Sick Man of 1854, worse than ever, and almost at the last gasp. She counts the hours and the minutes, that she may be the first at the division of the succession. She thinks that there will soon be great conflicts around that heritage of Sultans, and that it will be perhaps the great motive of the political strifes and intrigues of the West. But, as much as England, Russia will claim her part, France hers, and Austria hers. Who knows, then, but that all European interests may combine themselves against those of England? Let Russia take Constantinople, and let her, by the defiles of the Oural, spread herself abroad over Asia, where she already touches the sources of the river Amour; let France establish herself at Alexandria, and let her generously open, across the Isthmus of Suez, the path to India to all Europe; let Austria, greedy of dominion,—and the old edifice of whose power is crumbling to the dust,—withdraw herself slowly from Italy, where her position is no longer tenable, and let her descend, following the basin of the Danube, into those Principalities which seek their unity, and over which the actual sovereigns exercise only a temporary authority. On that day, England will be vanquished, and the equilibrium of Europe restored.”

After indulging in this delightful dream of the approaching humiliation of *la perfide Albion*, the author proceeds to point out that France could have no objection to Prussia's carrying out her long-cherished scheme of establishing her ascendant over the German Confederation, as it matters little to France that a German Empire should spring up, “provided that her frontiers are secured on the side of the Rhine, as completely as now they are on the side of the Alps.” He then attempts to show that the feelings and tendencies of the French and German nations have so much in common, that a strict alliance between them would be perfectly natural, as well as exceedingly beneficial to both parties. “Her material interests,” he says, “urge Germany to cultivate our friendship. The commerce of that nation has no other outlet at this moment than that by the North Sea. The necessities of the people imperatively demand other outlets, which can alone be opened through a treaty of peace concluded with the Zollverein. We know that profound and practical minds have already entertained the idea of such a treaty, and that they are studying its basis. It will not, perhaps, be agreeable to

the English, on account of the formidable competitions it will bring against them; but it will certainly triple the power of the Zollverein, by opening to them, on acceptable conditions, the ports of Nantes, of Saint Nazaire, of Bordeaux, of Cette, and of Marseilles."

The pamphlet concludes by asserting that there is a coalition that ought now to be organized, a coalition which ought to have for its aim the overthrow of all which the first coalition—that of the Holy Alliance—built up. The right of the people is now everywhere substituted for that of the kings, and ought to have its treaties as monarchy formerly had. It remains for the nations to make their Holy Alliance. It is almost needless to say that the author claims the initiative and control of this movement for France—herself so free and so careful of the rights of the people. "That position," he says, "belongs of right to France and to the Empire:—to France, because she was the first to maintain, alone against all, the right of the people, and because she fell gloriously in that struggle in 1814; to the Empire, because the French Empire is the only actually existing monarchy which is the result of the national will, and which sincerely represents it."

These brochures cannot fail to inflame every latent feeling of hostility, and add bitterness to any ancient rancour, and ought to teach us that the *entente cordiale* is but a pleasant dream from which the awakening may be sudden and terrible. It is full time that strenuous efforts were being made to carry out the course, so ably and eloquently pressed upon Government by Lord Lyndhurst, when he recently warned them of the defective state of the navy, of its inadequacy for the purposes of national defence, and of the imminent danger of suffering things to remain in their present position. Nor can we afford to reduce our military establishment. Her Majesty's Government have, indeed, thought fit lately to disembody a number of militia regiments, most of which were in an admirable state of completeness and efficiency, and have thus deprived the country of the services of a large body of trained and disciplined soldiers. It is true that our financial position is by no means such as to justify any unnecessary expenditure. But, in the present political aspect of Europe, with the Italian question still unsettled, and the Eastern question daily assuming a more threatening appearance, we cannot but deem the disembodiment of these regiments an act of misplaced economy. One year of war—as European wars are now carried on—would cost more than ten of armed peace; and the best and surest way of averting such a catastrophe, is, to show to France and Europe that, though we deprecate and avoid war as one of the worst of evils, yet we are, at the same time, able and ready to defend our just rights against all who shall presume to assail them.

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## Brief Notices.

THE WORDS AND WORKS OF OUR  
BLESSED LORD, AND THEIR LESSONS  
FOR DAILY LIFE. By the Author of  
"Brampton Rectory." 2 Vols. London:  
J. W. Parker and Son.

THE Author tells us in his Preface that "the special object of the present work is to bring the lessons of Scripture into intimate contact with our modern every-day life," and that "the Gospels, full as they are of home incidents and familiar illustrations, offer peculiar advantages for this kind of study; that to learn Christ, to gain a more vivid conception of what He was, and of what He is to us—this is to gain also the truest insight into the meaning and issues of our earthly life." How far the Author himself has learned Christ, may be inferred from his view of the great central truth of the Atonement. At one time he believed with those who make "the essence of the Atonement to consist not in the *endurance of penal sufferings*, but in the *perfect exhibition of self-sacrificing love in that endurance*, this being accepted by God as a compensation for man's sin;" but "when light first began to emerge from the darkness, which had till then overhung the subject," he saw that such a thing was "by no means commensurate with the language of Scripture, and fell far short of the depth of the subject." And where, now, is his standing point? Let his own words answer the question:—

"Christ being perfectly 'holy, harmless, and separate from sinners,' and yet, bearing them on his heart as their elder Brother, comes before his Father to confess their guilt, with a sense of it which only perfect holiness can give, and yet with a love and

compassion, a hope and trust for them, which nothing but Divine love could feel; acknowledging the justice of God's wrath against sin; taking voluntarily a share of the suffering due to sinful humanity; being obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross; bearing their sins in his own body on the Cross, and thus making, in the name of his brethren and on their behalf, a full reparation for the dishonour done to God."

Quoting from Mr. McLeod Campbell's work on the Atonement, he proceeds to say:—

"It was not in us so to confess our sins, neither was there in us such knowledge of the heart of the Father. But, if another could in this act for us—if there might be a mediator, an intercessor—one at once sufficiently one with us, and yet sufficiently separated from our sin, to feel in sinless humanity what our sinful humanity—could it in sinlessness look back on its sins—would feel of godly condemnation of them and sorrow for them, so confessing them before God:—one coming sufficiently near to our need of mercy to be able to plead for mercy for us according to that need, and at the same time, so abiding in the *bosom of the Father*, and in the light of his love and secret of his heart, as in interceding for us to take full and perfect advantage of all that is *there* that is on our side, and wills our salvation:—if the Son of God has, in the power of love, come into the capacity of ~~such~~ mediation in taking our nature and becoming our brother, and in that same power of love has been contented to suffer all that such mediation accomplished in suffering flesh implied—is not the suitability and the acceptableness of the sacrifice of Christ, when his soul was made an offering for sin, what we can understand?"

"Thus, then, we have arrived at the idea, that the essence of the Atonement consisted in our Lord's *expiatory confession of sin on our behalf*, and in our name, his death being not a penalty endured as a substitute, but the perfected expression of such confession."

The man who can thus resolve the propitiation of Christ into a mere vicarious or expiatory confession of sin on our behalf, will make but a sorry expositor of the profound words and matchless works of the Great Incarnate. He may speak of it as not only one of the most blessed, "but one of the highest tasks in which the labour of a life can be spent, to bring the words of Christ a little nearer the heart of man;" but how can this be done, when the very words are divested and emptied of all that can either adapt or endear them to the heart of man? Words which tell of no substitute and of no substitution, of no propitiation for sin, and of no redemption through the blood of Christ, must ever prove lifeless and powerless, and powerless just because they are lifeless. We are agreed that we practically understand the Atonement, just so far as it brings us to God—to a true repentance for sin—a yielding up of ourselves to Christ as our Lord and Saviour—a joyful recognition of God as our Father, and a return of our spirits to their true home in Him; but this is not the Atonement. These are effects, whose producing cause is something distinct and different from themselves; and for this we look in vain, till we come to the Cross and see in its mysterious Sufferer the one only Substitute for man—the one only Propitiation for sin.

We mean not by these remarks to imply that there is nothing in these two volumes but unmingled error. Far from it. They embody much that is as valuable as it is practical. The conversations, discourses, and miracles of our Lord, are all laid under contribution for topics on which the Author may expatiate, and in the treatment of which he may bring out and apply the ethics of our Christian Testament. The expositions are very short, and from their number and variety are well adapted to form a book of daily readings—and not without some degree of profit—either in the family or in retirement.

SHORT ESSAYS ON SHORT TEXTS. By a Layman. London: Wertheim, Mann, Trench, and Hunt.

LECTURES ON PRAYER. By a Country Pastor. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

THOUGH the production of a layman, this little book is not the utterance of ignorance. The Author makes "but little pretension to learning, and what he does possess, he prefers using rather as the crutch of an invalid for support, than as the cane of a coxcomb for flourish." He is not ignorant of the classics; has some acquaintance with the original languages in which the Bible was written; and, like the man Luther, would not be "without his little knowledge of the Hebrew for untold sums of gold." He is a man of large reading, and can turn his reading to account. His expositions of these short texts are neither elaborate nor profound, but rather simple and practical. In two or three of the chapters he has spoken from a deeper personal consciousness; and his words will, no doubt, find an echo in many a bosom.

We are always glad to hear the voice of the laity on any subject of moral and spiritual interest. We have no fear of their entrenching on the province of the clergy. If a man has anything to say to the busy outside world of practical moment, it is his duty to say it, whether he belong to the priesthood or not. We prefer the priesthood of letters to the priesthood of office, and the temple of Truth to the shrine of perfunctory service. Still we should like the attitude of the speaker to be more independent, and his voice more manly, than our layman. It was a mistake to dignify his short and imperfect comments by the name of Essays. They have nothing of the essay in them; and there are but few of the subjects which would admit of such a style and treatment. As practical and experimental utterances we accept them.

THE "Lectures on Prayer," by a

Country Pastor, merit a few words. Volume after volume is written on prayer, but with how little discrimination! It is emphatically a difficult subject; and in proportion to its difficulty should be the depth and intensity of thought bestowed upon it. What is prayer? In what are we to seek for its reason and design? What are its relations to the plan and purpose of the Infinite Will? What are its bearings and effects on man himself? To answer these and other questions of a kindred nature, is a task to which but few are equal. We do not say this to depreciate the little volume now before us. It has its elements of truth and worth; but the lectures being, for "the most part, composed originally for the use of a country congregation," every thing approaching to "abstruse disquisition or learned research," was necessarily excluded from the treatment of the subject. Then, moreover, they were "composed during a period of painfully trying anxiety, and were afterwards revised and arranged in a time of most severe affliction." They carry with them the impress of this fact; and therefore it would be demanding too much of the Author to look for the fruits of some closer, severer mental application.

The first Lecture on the efficacy of Prayer embodies some very pertinent remarks, and glances at the objection which is taken by not a few to this part of Christian duty, arising out of the fixed and unchangeable decrees of God. In the limitations of prayer he is much more at home. Nor can we doubt, that the teachings of this country Pastor on this interesting subject, will be found of positive advantage to many beyond the boundary of his own parish, and even beyond the pale of his own Church. The language of prayer is the utterance of the heart, and to the renewed and sanctified heart there is but one language, whose deep and living utterances can be poured into no ear but His who knows the heart.

A BRIEF BUT BRIGHT WILDERNESS JOURNEY: A MEMOIR OF WILLIAM GUTHRIE: to which is prefixed a Narrative of the Great Revival of 1859-60, in Montrose and Neighbourhood, and Perrydon; with illustrative cases. By William Mitchell, Shipowner. Montrose: George Walker; and London: James Nisbet and Co.

THE subject of this memoir was born in May, 1839, at Dunnichen, a village situated about four miles from Forfar, amongst beautiful and romantic scenery. His parents, though comparatively poor, belonged to that class of the Scottish peasantry from which have sprung some of the first and rarest examples of intellectual and moral worth. Nothing remarkable occurred to mark the years of infancy or of boyhood with any peculiar interest. At the age of fifteen, he left the parental roof, and became all at once exposed to the temptations and the vices of a large town. His impressions of early piety faded from his mind; and although of an amiable temper and disposition, it was yet but too manifest that he was living without God in the world. After the lapse of many months, a more striking dispensation of Divine Providence aroused him to serious thought; but it was not till nearly four years from this period, that he obtained peace with God, and entered upon a life of practical holiness. His conversion was followed by an entire separation from the world. His companionships were very few, and his intercourse even with them not at all frequent. He devoted all his leisure moments to the work of self-culture, and his improvement became apparent to all. Health failed him, and he was forced to return home and seek the rest and the recreation which were needed to restore his enfeebled and wasted form. His intense love of literature induced him to become a member of the Young Men's Christian Institute, for which he prepared several essays and addresses, and became eminent among his associates. One of his papers is on "The Love of Litera-



ture," in which he represents the constituent elements of literature as these—Man, Nature, and God. His remarks on the second of these—Nature—will show the tendency of his mind:—

"We should love literature, because it reveals, mirrors, idealizes Nature, reproduces it upon the lettered page. Poetry, the highest firmament of literature, challenges a special property in Nature. Every true poet is a darling child of the mighty mother. He loves her, learns from her, communes with her, has a soul to appreciate intensely her glories, her beauty, and her sublimity—loves her even in the plainest garb—has a fine perception of the analogies between *her* and the world of thought—can interpret her correctly, and describe her vividly—extracts inspiration from her, or a fine enthusiasm, or a calm delight, and possesses in magnificent measure the power of communicating these feelings to others, by means of his verse. Sightless though he was, old blind Homer loved Nature deeply; and as he sat on the sea-beach of ancient Chios,

'Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey  
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.'

And thus with all fine poets. They have described Nature as if she were part of their own soul. The poets, too, of the Bible, have all a poet's familiarity with the natural world. The inspired bards and prophets—such as Job, David, Solomon, and Isaiah—invested the truth of heaven with the beauty of earth, clothed it with nature as with a garment, a garment of beauty, a royal robe. . . . . Probably everybody possesses an inherent love of Nature. But in most people this feeling is either quite dormant, or only partially developed. We do not devote ourselves as much as we ought to the contemplation of Nature, nor open our hearts so much as we ought to do to the pure and delightful influences of God's all fair creation. How *little* real enthusiasm is aroused in the souls of many by the contemplation of such objects as the sublime mountains and the gentle flowers, fountains, softly-singing streams, pasture-covered meadows, lakes embosomed among hills, broad rivers, sky-girt, for-ever-sounding oceans, birds and beasts and fishes, green trees and the grassy earth, raindrops from heaven and the white snow, innumerable burning stars, the silvery moon, like a gilded crescent or a warrior's shield, the blazing sun, lightning and thunder, and tempest and dark-

ness—the floating cloudland overhead, exhibiting innumerable grand and picturesque scenes and shapes in endless panorama, sometimes resembling snowy mountains, sometimes cities with towering battlements, sometimes aerial forests, sometimes like bushes scattered on a plain, sometimes representing familiar objects in colossal magnitude—at one time drawing a vapoury curtain over the sky, at another appearing only as a few white spots far aloft—

'The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.'

If we loved Nature more, we would love poetry more; and on the other hand, if we loved poetry more deeply, we would love Nature more intensely. Poetry is Nature idealised—Nature revealed by the pale but glorious light of imagination,

'The light that never was on sea or shore.'

which colours its object like a summer sunset, suffusing the landscape with crimson light."

Young Guthrie became identified with the recent Revivals of his native land, and entered with heart and soul into them. Nor was he slow to dip his pen in ink, and write in their favour; not that he was qualified to enter into their philosophy, or in a position, from his youth and inexperience, to discriminate with any depth or certainty between the false and the true in a time of unusual religious excitement. A first-class work upon this subject is still a desideratum. Nor is any man qualified to write such a book, whose philosophy is not as enlightened as his theology is Scriptural, and whose moral consciousness is not equal to his speculative knowledge.

Though we cannot look on this little volume as any contribution to our Christian biography, it may yet be read with interest and profit.

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THE CONGREGATIONAL PULPIT. Conducted by the Rev. T. G. Horton. Vol. IX. London: Judd and Glass, New Bridge-street.

In addition to some twelve or fourteen good sermons, supplied by various

Nonconformist Ministers, and as many "Original Outlines," we have in the present volume, the first seven of a course of lectures on the Epistle to the Romans by the Editor. A more difficult task he could not have undertaken. There is no other composition within the compass of the Christian Testament so elaborate, or more demanding for its exposition such a grasp of mind, or such a depth of spiritual power and consciousness. Commentaries, ancient and modern, we have on this Epistle, but still its contents are far from being exhausted. Nor has Mr. Horton proceeded so far in his lectures as to justify us in holding out the hope that he will throw any new or additional light on this portion of the Sacred Writings. Men of riper years and of more varied attainments, have shrunk from the responsibility of committing to the press even their most matured and earnestly thought-out cogitations on this master-writing of the great Apostle. Mr. Horton may succeed where others have failed. The expectations of the scholar and the student will not be easily satisfied; but if he can meet those expectations, we shall be the first to encircle his brow with the merited laurel. Let him not make too much haste. Even delay will be time gained. His task is too great and too grand to be done in a hurry.

The Commentary on the Pentateuch and the Four Gospels, by the Rev. E. R. Conder, of Poole, will be of immense service to Day and Sunday School Teachers, the Principals of educational establishments, and heads of families. The aids to Biblical Exegesis are being daily multiplied, so that the knowledge which was formerly the possession of the few, may now be the property of all.

To students and ministers—whose vocation and pursuits touch on the highest spheres of thought, life, and reality—the volume will prove a very acceptable and useful help.

**LEADERS OF THE REFORMATION: LUTHER, CALVIN, LATIMER, AND KNOX.** By John Tulloch, D.D. Principal and Professor of Theology, St. Mary's College, in the University of St. Andrew's, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary in Scotland. Second Edition. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons.

**THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION. A Historical Sketch.** By Peter Lorimer, D.D. Professor of Theology, English Presbyterian College, London. Author of "Patrick Hamilton." With Twenty-five Illustrations of Scottish Reformation Localities. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin and Co.

A NOBLE theme this of Dr. Tulloch's, and enough to set the soul of any man, worthy of the name of man, on fire. The men who revolutionized the mind and religious opinions of all Europe deserve to be placed side by side with the first teachers and propagators of the Christian Faith. The Reformation was not the introduction of a new religion, but only the bringing back the Church to the purity, simplicity, and integrity of a primitive Christianity. This was no vulgar work, and required, on the part of those who undertook it, the fortitude and the daring of the loftiest heroism. They were men who were willing to drink of the cup which their Master drank, and to be baptized with the baptism wherewith He was baptized; and hence the attitude which they assumed and the deeds which they performed. To sketch the lives and the doings of such men is the avowed object of the work now before us; and though its enlightened and learned Author claims nothing more for it than "the character of a series of popular studies, originally designed to interest a public audience in a great period fruitful in great men and in lessons of enduring meaning," it is yet worthy of no common place in our Christian literature. The sketch of Calvin is admirable; and all the more admirable because it is so discriminating and so just. We had marked two or three passages for quotation, but find that we must content our-

selves by referring to the work *in extenso*. The fact of its having reached a second edition proves the extent to which it has challenged and ensured the public favour; and to those who have not yet read the work, we would cordially recommend it as an interesting and instructive study.

THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION is a volume of equal beauty and interest. As a "contribution to the Celebration of the Tricentenary of the Scottish Reformation," which is to take place during the present month in Edinburgh, nothing could be more appropriate. The Author has bestowed an amazing amount of time and labour on its preparation, and has produced a work which speaks to the national heart of Scotland with thrilling power and effect. Though confined to moderate limits, the work "will be found to contain a great many new facts and features: several blanks in our common histories have been filled up; literary history is interwoven with the narrative of events; and particular attention has been given to the numerous Protestant exiles who were early driven out of Scotland, and settled in England, Germany, and Denmark," many of whom were the living links of connection between the Scottish Reformation and the other Protestant Churches of Europe.

One of the most important facts which our Author has brought into light, refers to Wishart's recantation at Bristol, in 1539; "from which it appears, that instead of ignominiously recanting an essential doctrine of Protestant truth, it was no truth at all which the Reformer recanted, but a serious error into which he had fallen while still groping his way out of Popish darkness into the light of the Gospel." In that same year, it appears that Wishart was engaged as a public lecturer and preacher in several of the churches of Bristol, the deanery of which then formed part of the diocese of Worcester, under the episcopate of the zealous and devoted Latimer, from whom, in all proba-

bility, Wishart held his faculty to preach within the limits of his See. It was while prosecuting his labours in this ancient city of Bristol, that Wishart was publicly "convicted of setting forth doctrines which were heretical in the sense of being not merely opposed to the teaching of the Romish Church, but to the teaching and truth of the Word of God." Of the nature of this heresy we are now in a position to judge; for in the Mayor's Calendar of Bristol, a very ancient volume in the possession of the Corporation, and which our Author inspected with his own eyes, and can therefore vouch for the entire accuracy of the transcript and its literal agreement with the original, there is the following record:—

"30 Henry VIII. That this year, the 15 May, a Scot, named George Wysard, set furth his lecture in St. Nicholas Church, of Bristowe, the most blasphemous heresy that ever was herd, openly declaryng that Christ nother hath nor coulde merite for him, nor yet for us; which heresy brought many of the commons of this town into a great error, and divers of them were persuaded by that heretical lecture to heresy. Whereupon, the said stiff-necked Scot was accused by Mr. John Kerne, deane of the said diocese of Worcester, and soon after he was sent to the most reverend father in God, the Archbishop of Canterbury, before whom and others, that is to signify, the Bishops of Bath, Norwich, and Chichester, with others as doctors; and he before them was examined, convicted, and condemned in and upon the detestable heresy above mentioned; whereupon he was injoined to bere a fagot in St. Nicholas Church aforesaid, and the parish of the same, the 13 July, anno forementioned; and in Christ Church and parish thereof, the 20 July, abovesaid following; which injunction was duly executed in aforesaid."

With this record before him, which is confirmed by a letter addressed by the Mayor of the City to Lord Cromwell, and which Mr. Froude has introduced into his "History of England in the Reign of the Eighth Henry," with the slight variation of fixing the event in the thirty-fourth year of that Monarch's reign, which corresponds with 1539, and must



therefore be taken as correct — our Author says:—

"It does not admit of a doubt, then, that Wishart had fallen at this early period of his life, while his views of Divine truth were still immature, into some serious misapprehension on the subject of the merits of Christ, and the way of human redemption. If the Popish churchmen of Bristol had been his only judges, we might have been justified in receiving with hesitation so strange an accusation, because he was no doubt even then a vigorous opponent of Popish doctrines; and it was, probably, his zeal in attacking the doctrine of mediatory merit in the case of the Romish saints, which carried him into the heretical extreme of denying the mediatory merit of the Redeemer himself. But, as he was sent up to London to be tried by a tribunal, over which Cranmer presided, it is only fair to conclude that the sentence which that tribunal pronounced upon him was just. If the Protestant preacher had been misunderstood or calumniated by his enemies, the Protestant archbishop would have protected him from their malice. Wishart himself acknowledged the justice of the sentence by publicly recanting his error in the very church where he had promulgated it.

"But this account of Wishart's conduct at Bristol is very different from the version of it which has hitherto been current. It has long been supposed that what Wishart preached against there, was the mediatory merit of the Virgin Mary, and that what he publicly recanted twice over was the Protestant doctrine upon that subject—a doctrine which he no doubt believed to be true and scriptural at the very time he was supposed to have ignominiously recanted it. The difficulty of accounting for Cranmer's condemnatory sentence was, upon this supposition, insuperable; and equally so was the difficulty of indicating the conduct of the Reformer in publicly declaring to be false, what he could not but know to be the truth of God. Still the record in 'The Mayor's Calendar' was thought to be decisive upon the point. But it is now ascertained that this reading of the Calendar was an entire mistake; and curiously enough, a serious misunderstanding of history, which has now been current for nearly half a century, is found to have arisen from the mis-reading of a single word, nay, of a single letter, of the original chronicle.

"A gentleman of Bristol, who sent a copy of the entry in 'The Mayor's Calendar' to the late Dr. McCrie, had read it thus:— 'Openly declaring that Christ's Mother hath not, nor could merit for him, nor yet

for us.' He read *mother* for *nother* (the old form of *neither*), and then, unable to make sense of the words, he inserted the negative 'not' after 'hath,' thinking himself, no doubt, justified in doing so by the following 'nor.' A second examination of the word which he took to be *mother*, would have revealed his mistake; because, though the writing is extremely minute, it is remarkably distinct and clear, especially when read through a glass. The eminent historian to whom the copy was sent, relying upon its accuracy, and having no opportunity of examining the original for himself, published it in his notes to the 'Life of Knox,' in the form in which he had received it.

"The incident, thus cleared of misapprehension, leaves the character of the Reformer for sincerity and fortitude without a stain. It reveals, indeed, the unripeness of his views of Gospel truth at that early period of his life; he had fallen into a serious error of judgment, and he had incurred just censure for rashly proclaiming so dangerous an error to the uninstructed multitude. But he now stands acquitted of all imputation upon his firmness and integrity. When Cranmer and his other judges condemned him to abjure his error at their bar, he honestly abjured it. When he publicly recanted it at Bristol, his recantation was sincere. It was an error which he recanted, not a truth. Instead of diminishing our admiration of his heroism as a confessor of the faith, the incident enhances it; for it shows that he was as ready to brave the ignominy of a public recantation in the interest of truth, as he afterwards showed himself prepared to suffer the disgrace and the horror of a heretic's death, in the same service."

This is but one of the many facts which Dr. Lorimer has rescued from oblivion and perversion. The work throughout reveals the hand of the faithful historian, and how perfectly the writer's national feelings and moral sympathies were in harmony with his task. It is not the production of a literary hack, who only writes as he is remunerated, but of a man of noble heart and generous nature—of wide views and Catholic creed. He enters into his subject with his whole soul, and makes it instinct with life, and thought, and fact. If Scotland may well be proud of her Reformation as something more thorough and complete than is to be found in any other

Protestant country on the face of the earth, she may be equally proud of those of her children who, like our Author, are prepared to grasp with unyielding firmness that very standard for which her martyrs, and confessors, and saints, so nobly struggled, and suffered, and died. She owes no common debt of gratitude to the Reformers, both for the nature and the extent of their work; and just so long as she honestly and earnestly adheres to the principles of her own Reformation, will be the force of her national character and the perpetuity of her national virtue.

We must not take leave of our Author and his interesting volume without a reference to the mechanical part of the work. The illustrations are of the first class, truthfully conceived and beautifully executed. The paper and typography are all that could be desired; and being bound with corresponding taste, the volume may be laid on any drawing-room table in the kingdom. Nothing would be more fitting and appropriate, in connection with the approaching Celebration, than for some of our rich men to unite and present a copy of the work to every minister in Scotland and England. It is a record worthy of possession; and as a book of reference, it would often be found useful.

The Author has our hearty thanks; and we doubt not his work will obtain a wide circulation.

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**THE DENOMINATIONAL REASON WHY:**  
Being the Origin, History, and Tenets  
of the Christian Sects. With Reasons  
assigned by themselves for their Specialities of Faith and Form of Worship.  
London: Houlston and Wright.

We believe in One Holy Catholic Church; but the unity of the Church does not rest on the oneness of her creed. This is a oneness of heart, rather than a oneness of mind. While mind is mind there will be a difference of opinion; but love is one; and love is the basis of all Christian union. The members of the same

religious community, holding precisely the same creed, and perfectly agreed as to modes of worship, may yet be utter strangers to each other in heart; while others who widely differ in modes of thought and forms of service, may be intimately united in affection. If we look to an outward or objective creed—a set of human opinions—and not to the inward or subjective state of the man—to his most deeply-seated feelings and consciousness—we shall ever fail to find any true or lasting basis for the oneness of all believers. Strange it is, that up to this hour we have never yet entered into the profound words of Jesus:—"I in them, and thou in me; that they may be made perfect in one:"—in which he clearly makes the union of his followers rest on that very love which constitutes the bond of union between the Father and himself.

The question—"How are we to account for the great diversity of opinion in the Christian world?"—is one which, notwithstanding its "surpassing interest," our Author "felt he could not attempt to solve without sacrificing that impartiality to which he felt himself rigidly bound." If he have an answer to give to the question, we do not see why he could not have given it with just impartiality. Such a diversity can be accounted for; and if in the solution of such a question the truth be honestly, and at all hazards, adhered to, the result could not fail to be acceptable to all parties. The diversity of opinion arises out of the diversity of the human mind. Men will ever be found to differ in thought and judgment on the momentous subjects of religion as upon any other subject in science and philosophy; but this is quite compatible with the most perfect Christian union. Ours is not the unity of darkness, which is unbroken, but the unity of light in which all the colours blend to make up the one pure white beam. The very fact that we speak of the various sects or sections of the Church, indi-

cites and expresses the oneness of the whole body. The circle is made up of the various sections, and each section is indispensable to complete the circle; so that despite all our differences we cannot but be one; though our oneness, we repeat, does not depend on the oneness of our judgments and opinions, but on the oneness of that moral nature of which love is the essence and the perfection.

When in the Preface to the work we are told, that "the Denominational Reason Why, is eminently a careful and strictly impartial compilation of the grounds assigned by the various Christian sects for their distinguishing forms of belief and modes of worship;" that "the information has been drawn from the highest sources;" and that "the Author has taken great pains to avoid every exhibition of bias, and has used a careful judgment in the selection of quotations upon doctrinal points," nothing more is said than what is simply true. The volume includes a large amount of useful and interesting information; and as a book of reference, it will be of great service to the student and the minister.

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A COMPENDIUM OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Chronologically arranged, with Biographical Sketches of the Authors, and Selections from their Works. By Charles D. Cleveland. Philadelphia: E. C. and J. Biddle. 1860.

We have been richly enjoying ourselves in a pleasant rustication with this book, to which we hasten to render the only acknowledgment it is in our power to bestow—to recommend it most cordially to our readers, and to urge upon some English publisher its immediate republication in this country, where, we feel assured, it will become at once a standard favourite. Mr. Cleveland, the compiler, has a high reputation in America from two previous compendiums of English literature, which he arranged and published there, and the popu-

larity which his English selections have enjoyed in America, the selections in this volume from American authors would indubitably acquire in England. Mr. Cleveland assumes the Declaration of Independency as the starting point of the national literature of the American Republic, as it is of its national existence. The first literature the young Titanic Republic produced was of a political character, and "is embodied in the speeches and letters of James Otis, the elder Adams, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and other patriots of the Revolution." It is profoundly interesting to every English reader to discern in the characteristic extracts given in this volume of these men, the sagacity, clearness of purpose and method, unlaquered sincerity which distinguished their conduct in that great struggle. It is surprising, after such solid foundations were laid in the commonwealth of letters, that the superstructure raised upon it should be so light and ornamental.

Irving, Longfellow, Emerson, Mrs. Stowe, and Holmes, represent the great aristocracy of the pen that has flourished in America. One or two historians, theologians, and biblicists, alone have aimed at the production of elaborate and erudite works. In this we fear the literature of America has smacked of the flighty, zig-zag, scintillating, daring style of thought which prevails in all modern American life, and which contrasts strangely with that profound, serious, comprehensive spirit which its early legislators and divines displayed. Beautiful are the coruscations, however, of these lightning pyrotechnics. We have been delighted to renew our acquaintance with many pieces of poetry, which we had ourselves culled from magazines and newspaper corners, wondering who the poet may be, but are here properly introduced, and their lineage correctly given; and many other pieces in prose and verse equally brilliant, formerly unknown to us, are strung in this chain of pearls.

Short sketches are given of the



lives and works of the several writers, and we repeat, a more pleasant book for reading by snatches by the sea-side or at the tea-table, we have not found. We trust a cheap reprint in Britain will ensure its speedy circulation in this country.

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ON OBSCURE DISEASES OF THE BRAIN AND DISORDERS OF THE MIND; THEIR INCIPIENT SYMPTOMS, PATHOLOGY, DIAGNOSIS, TREATMENT, AND PROPHYLAXIS. By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L. &c. &c. &c. London: John Churchill, New Burlington-street.

THERE are few subjects within the whole range of medical science of such magnitude and importance as that of which we have here the analysis and treatment; and few men, if any, are more able to grapple with its subtleties and its difficulties than our author, so well known in this department of literature. How many of our mental peculiarities and aberrations may be traced to those obscure diseases of the brain, is in itself a question of deep and intense interest, and opens up a field over which the enlightened physician might expatiate with ever-increasing knowledge. Of this disease, even in its first and most incipient forms, very few of us seem to have any idea. Dr. Winslow says:—

“It is singular, in some cases, how pertinaciously and obstinately all idea of past, and even existing cerebral indisposition, is emphatically ignored, and zealously repudiated by the relations of the patient. But how often does the physician detect, before he concludes his investigation of the history of the case, that his patient has exhibited, it may be, in the far distant horizon, some time previously to his attack, evidences of the threatening and approaching storm, which, if seen, had not been made matter of observation, reflection, anxiety, or treatment. The headache has been attributed to the derangement of the stomach, or to bilious disorder; the vacillation of temper—feebleness of purpose—flightiness of manner—

paroxysms of irritability or passion—inaptitude for business—depression or exaltation of spirits—the loss of sensibility, even manifest lesion of motility, have all (if made the subject of comment) been attributed to some trifling and transient bodily ailment, connected with the digestive, hepatic, or renal organs. Epileptic vertigo, cerebral headache, and disordered conditions of vision, caused by the pressure of a tumour in the immediate neighbourhood of the optic thalami, have existed for some time without exciting a suspicion as to the presence of serious disease affecting the brain. The attacks of epileptic vertigo have occurred, unobserved, at night, and with little or no convulsive movement, or loss of consciousness; the headache has been considered to be of a bilious, rheumatic, or nervous character; the impairment of visual power has been treated as an affection of the eye, unconnected with disease in the neighbourhood of the *thalami optici*, for the relief of which the *optician* instead of the *physician* has been consulted; and thus have all the salient, important, and significant symptoms of encephalic organic mischief been permitted to undermine the bodily health, damage and impair the intellect, even threaten the extinction of reason, without any remedial or palliative treatment being adopted to arrest the steady and onward advancing progress of the fearfully destructive cerebral disorganization!”

If students would read this volume without becoming the subjects of morbid thought and feeling, and thus inducing the very disease against which Dr. Winslow is so desirous to provide, we would recommend it to their diligent and repeated perusal; otherwise they had better leave it in the hands of the Profession. That Profession owes Dr. Winslow a debt of gratitude for this new and valuable effort of his pen; and through them the public will reap the advantage in a more correct knowledge and a more skilful treatment of a class of diseases which, in this age of undue pressure and

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CEYLON: AN ACCOUNT OF THE ISLAND. PHYSICAL, HISTORICAL, AND TOPOGRAPHICAL. In 2 Vols. Fifth Edition. By Sir James Emerson Tennent, LL.D. London: Longmans.

THE remarkable success of this work is only equal to its merits. A complete account of the beautiful island it certainly is, and, while exhaustive, it is nowhere uninteresting. A valuable feature of the book is the copious index; and so careful has the author been to make it perfect in this respect, that he states in his Preface to the fifth edition, that he has inserted several hundreds of additional references.

The Physical Geography and Zoology of the island are first treated of. Then we have several chapters on the Singhalese Chronicles. The most ancient of these chronicles, "The Mahawanso," is a metrical production containing a history of the various dynasties that have ruled Ceylon from the year 543 B.C. to 1758 A.D. Being written in Pali verse, it was unknown, except by the priests, until recently, when Mr. Turnour, a civil officer of the Ceylon service, after great labour, succeeded in giving a faithful translation. The chapters illustrative of the early history of the country possess abundant interest, and we will not attempt to anticipate the pleasure that will be derived by their perusal. Sciences and Social Arts are succeeded by the Mediaeval and Modern History of Ceylon, and then the author takes us with him on a tour of inspection through the Island, discoursing as he proceeds on cinnamon and coffee—elephants and monkeys—and all the wonderful and varied productions with which he meets. Two chapters on the "Ruined Cities," constitute the tenth and concluding part.

It is difficult to select any portion

of the work for particular notice. The flourishing and productive province of Ceylon was never so profitable and prosperous as it now is. Under the native, Portuguese, and Dutch rule, successively, the country was unsettled, and very badly governed. But, on the advent of Sir Edward Barnes in 1820, a new era in its history was inaugurated. Sir Emerson Tennent pays the Governor the following tribute:—

"When the English landed in Ceylon, in 1796, there was not in the whole Island a single practicable road, and troops, on their toilsome marches between the fortresses on the coast, dragged their cannon through deep sands along the shore. Before Sir Edward Barnes resigned his Government, every town of importance was approached by a carriage road, and the long-desired highway from sea to sea, to connect Colombo and Trincomalie, was commenced. Civil organization has since been matured with equal success; domestic slavery has been abolished; religious disqualifications removed; compulsory labour abandoned; a charter of justice promulgated; a legislative council established; trading monopolies extinguished; commerce encouraged to its utmost freedom, and the mountain forests felled to make way for plantations of coffee, whose exuberant produce is already more than sufficient for the consumption of the British Empire."

The history of the origin and growth of the coffee and the decline of the cinnamon trades, is worthy of attentive study. Restrictions and monopoly destroyed the prosperity of the latter. No country could produce cinnamon so abundantly and of such good quality as Ceylon; but the Government first monopolized the trade, and then, upon relinquishing it, imposed a tax of three shillings a pound as export duty. This acted as a premium for its production elsewhere; Java, Guiana, the Mauritius, and other places were found capable of producing it; and the cinnamon of Ceylon was driven out of the market. When the restrictions were removed, the demand for fine qualities had ceased; and the Singhalese growers found themselves compelled to culti-

vate almost exclusively the coarser qualities, to compete with the cassia that held possession of the European markets.

Sir Edward Barnes planted the first coffee plantation in 1825. Ten years after, he obtained an act from the home Government, equalizing the duty on East and West India coffee. It was a free field, and no favour. The very next year (1836) 4,000 acres were planted in addition to what had been planted before; and before long, the mountain ranges on all sides of Kandy were covered with coffee plantations. When protection was entirely abolished in 1845, the coffee trade of Ceylon stood the shock; and in 1857, Ceylon exported the astounding quantity of 67,453,680 pounds of coffee!

Sir Edward Tennent's book has already become part of our standard literature. He has done ample justice to his subject, and the best wish we can express to the author is, that his name and his book may last as long as the "Mahawanso."

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ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN. Cambridge and London: Macmillan and Co.

THIS is a reprint from the "Dublin University Magazine," and will be read in its present form with increased pleasure and interest.

The Craftsman is one of England's honest and industrious sons, who, with head, heart, and hands, is urging his way through difficulties and temptations to the ground of an honourable independence. The Artist is a young lady of education and taste, endowed with extraordinary musical powers, who, contrary to the wish of her relatives and friends, has devoted her talents to the stage. Her character is unstained; her virtue is untouched. She stands afar off in thought and feeling from the vices which surround her, and has strength to resist the force of evil. They both live under an Italian sky. He has been sent thither by his employers in Eng-

land, to carry out some particular department of their business; she has come thither in her professional capacity as a public singer. While he is filling up each successive day with the duties of his profession, she is drawing to herself the attention and the admiration of surrounding thousands. Not a few are eager to win her heart, and gain her hand. She is perfectly innocent of any such affection. The Craftsman, too, is in love with her, and his love continues to burn till its flame becomes a passion, and he is resolved to leave no effort untried to make her his own. Others, who were running for the same fair prize, perceive this, write to England to get the Craftsman removed, and succeed so far as to have him withdrawn to his native land, but do not succeed in leading captive the heart and affections of the lady. Having fulfilled her engagement, she, too, returned to England; took up her abode under the roof of a gentleman who performed the part of a guardian and father to her, close to whose mansion a tunnel was being cut in connection with a certain line of railroad. In the construction and execution of this tunnel, the Craftsman was, happily for him, actively engaged. Thus the two again met. All his former feelings were rekindled and strengthened. Before long he ventured to make her an offer of marriage, but on the condition that she should retire from public life. At first she refused, but afterwards accepted his offer, and at length they were united in holy, happy wedlock.

Such is the story. It is well told; is written with ease, grace, and delicacy, and will interest thousands of our readers.

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THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. By the Author of "Adam Bede." London: Blackwood.

THIS, as might be expected, is a very clever and very interesting book. The style is forcible, yet graceful; and the facility of language so exquisite as

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almost to suggest the very thoughts it expresses. The characters are true to life (though we hope that so many unpleasant people are not *often* congregated,) and are so vividly sketched, that we cannot avoid sympathising with some, and claiming acquaintance with all. We have certainly known Tom Tulliver, and as certainly hated him for the cold, hard-headed selfishness which all his undeniable good qualities cannot render tolerable.

The Dodsons, with their stereotyped respectability, are familiar in many of their strongly-marked characteristics, and are a most amusing family, though somewhat trying in the capacity of aunts. But the chief interest centres in Maggie Tulliver, the Miller's daughter, and in the father's expressions of fondness for his "little wench," are touches of tenderness and pathos impossible to be surpassed. Yet, in spite of the many beauties and the unquestionable merit of this book, we think it well for the Author's chance of fame, that it is not her first work. We pay all homage to the genius displayed in the forcible and truthful delineation of character—the masculine depth of thought combined with wonderful and truly feminine delicacy of intention; and we confess to a kind of fearful respect for the energetic sarcasm that scatters its rebukes on society, with the force of blows from a hand that has been stung—and yet we expected more. We looked for something to make us better, something either as example or warning, from the pen that could depict Adam Bede—almost like the first Adam—"in the image of God;" and Dinah Morris, whose fair and saintly image dwells on the memory like the angels of our childish dreams.

We look in vain in this later work for that tone of pure and submissive Christianity, which we rejoiced to perceive in the former, and regret to find in its place a kind of defiant acceptance of life as an unexplained and rather unjustifiable mystery. Throughout the book, the doctrine is suggested rather than asserted, that we are the

creatures of circumstances; that conscience is of use only to make us uncomfortable in the wrong way, but powerless to guide us into the right; since, with the intensest longing to do right, the force of events compels us occasionally to accept as a duty what we have been earnestly avoiding as a sin. Listen to the Author's own words:—"The great problem of the shifting relation between passion and duty is clear to no man who is capable of apprehending it. The question, whether the moment has come in which a man has fallen below the possibility of a renunciation that will carry any efficacy, and must accept the sway of a passion against which he has struggled, as a trespass, is one for which we have no master-key that will fit all cases. The casuists have become a by-word of reproach, but their perverted spirit of minute discrimination was the shadow of a truth to which eyes and hearts are often fatally sealed—the truth that moral judgments must remain false and hollow, unless they are checked and enlightened by a perpetual reference to the special circumstances that mark the individual lot." The history of Maggie Tulliver, in illustration of these sentiments, is a most painful one. She grows up from an uncouth and generally unsatisfactory child, into a thoughtful, impetuous girl of glorious physical beauty, with a strong loving soul, and an intellect which, like her beauty, is of too high a type for the comprehension of the world she has to live in. Her actions are misunderstood, her motives unappreciated, her strongest innocent affections repulsed, and her longing for perfect goodness totally unperceived. We cannot discover that her life is brightened by one day of happiness; in fact, our Author seems to have adopted Maggie as heroine for the same purpose as she herself kept her doll in the garret—to have nails driven into her whenever society in general became especially aggravating; and the result of this system of "vicarious suffering," in combination

with some very small sins of her own, is so wretched a life that though we could have wished a dryer ending, we are thankful to see her released from her sufferings on any terms.

We think her power of self-renunciation, her faith, her prayer, ought not to be represented as so powerless to affect the rectitude of her conduct, or the safety and happiness of her life. There is a "master-key" which may be safely and successfully applied to all the puzzles of life; and where reason fails to find it, faith and prayer may humbly appeal to the God who "is faithful, who will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it."

If the future works of George Elliot should be free from what we consider the dangerous tendency of the "Mill on the Floss," they will be welcomed with enthusiasm, and read with the unalloyed admiration which such talent cannot fail to excite.

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THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. By Eyre Evans Crowe. In Five Vols. Vol. II. London: Longman, Green, and Co.

WE gladly hail the appearance of the second volume of this admirable work, and only regret that we have not the whole in its completion. The Author has brought to his task an industry, and a research, and an application, rarely to be met with; and, as the result of these, he is giving to the world a record of profound and permanent interest. He has great powers of comprehension, and he writes in a most attractive style. This will render his work so much the more popular. As a specimen of enlightened discrimination, unbiassed opinion, and powerful writing, we give the following passage:—

"The first great assertor of the power of reason, and a popular exercise of it to raise up morals and religion from nullity and contempt, was Wicliffe. No doubt

there always existed in the Waldensian and Albigensian Churches a living protest against Rome; and that this protest was not confined to the rude races of the Alps or the Cloemnes, but survived as a kind of freemasonry or hidden religion, entertained by the most eminent men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is exceedingly probable. No Frenchman or Italian, however, no man of the Latin races, had the courage or even the opportunity to promulgate the broad principle of religious and moral independence. The most likely spot for such to have burst forth was some one of the great Italian Republics. Most of these, however, were Guelphic, and invoked the power of the Pope as a counter-balance to the pretensions of the emperor. Whilst the Ghibelline cities feared to incur the reproach of heresy, and thus give another arm against them to the See of Rome, Rienzi in that capital, Savonarola at Florence, and later, the Venetian historian of the Council of Trent, sufficiently betray the half-smothered spirit which pervaded Italy. Whilst the presence of the Pope in France, and his power in closer alliance with that of the monarch, rendered any open avowal of dissent dangerous; it was only amongst the free thoughts and habits of English life that such ideas could be outspoken as soon as conceived."

The whole of the chapter from which we have taken this extract, is replete with information and interest. France has a history rich in all that goes to make up the life of humanity in relation to this lower sphere of being; and rich, too, in all that enters into that higher life, whose full and final developments are reserved for the progress of succeeding ages. With this history but few Englishmen are adequately acquainted, and the author is here supplying a desideratum for which he will be justly entitled to the gratitude of the English nation.

We at present content ourselves with this brief notice, but hope, when the work is completed, to give it the most careful analysis, and to put our readers in possession of such an outline as will induce them to possess the volumes for themselves as worthy of closer, deeper study. The author has but to pursue the path on which he has entered, to make his work one of the first class.



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